The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1920 NUMBER 278

Contents

Editorial Notes 127

Leading Editorials
- The Impending European Conflict 129
- The Triumph of the Irreconcilables 132
- Our New Merchant Marine 133
- A Federal Judge Speaks Up 135
- Who Pays Excess Profits Tax? 136

General Articles
- What About Armenia? ..... Paxton Hibben 138
- Over the Washtub 145
- To and Fro About the City (Verse) ..... John Drinkwater 145
- The Irreconcilables ..... William Hard 147
- Gluck in New York (Verse) ..... Edmund Wilson Jr. 150
- Reaction, Revolution and What? ..... Sanford Griffith 151
- That Sort of American ..... Robert Herrick 153

A Communication 154

Correspondence 156

Books and Things ..... F. H. 160

Literary Notes 161

Reviews of Books
- Henry Adams ..... Charles A. Beard 162
- Is There a Personal God? ..... R. F. A. H. 163
- In Burgundy ..... W. H. C. 164
- The Foreign Service ..... H. J. L. 165
- Barbara ..... A. P. 166

The Week

THE French Foreign Office is taking no chances. If left to form an independent judgment, it fears that American opinion might possibly arrive at entirely unofficial conclusions about what is happening in Germany. So the American newspaper correspondents in Paris are summoned to the Quai d'Orsay to have things put straight for them: There is no real danger, either in this first flurry or at some later date, of Spartacide rule in Germany. If the British and Italians think it necessary to fortify the present German government by concessions in the Treaty, they are mistaken. No, the thing to do is to enforce all the more mercilessly that Treaty which undermines the position of any moderate government in Berlin. This is the news which the Foreign Office wants cabled to America.

FROM Paris, last week, it was reported that Alexander Kerensky had made extraordinary disclosures of a bargain, during the war, between the French Foreign Office and Tsarist Russia. The documents Kerensky quoted as official are now published. There are four of them. And in effect they reveal two cold-blooded promises: France, "desiring to assure her ally, etc.", binds herself to let Russia have her own way with Poland. Russia, in return, agrees not only to back France in her demand for recovery of Alsace-Lorraine; in addition, "all the coal basin of the Valley of the Saar" is "to be included in French territory," and "other territories on the left bank of the Rhine" are "to be completely separated from Germany and made into a neutral state to be occupied by French troops as long as Germany shall not have complied with the whole of the conditions in the proposed Peace Treaty." The Foreign Office knew what it wanted in the west. But in the east the Tsar's fall has turned French diplomats into the chief backers of that Polish state they were once willing to abandon.

FOR the relief of Poland, Armenia and Austria the House of Representatives has finally taken action. The measure it has passed, however, is entirely inadequate. At least $125,000,000 is needed, according to the most conservative expert estimates. The House has had before it a bill permitting use of $50,000,000 of the funds of the Grain Corporation for relief work. As finally adopted, even this sum is struck out, and the bill provides instead that the Grain Corporation may sell for cash or credit 5,000,000 barrels of surplus flour. What is "surplus flour"? Flour of so low a grade it cannot be sold in this country. Well, it will save lives, nevertheless. But is this the best America can do? There were only twelve votes against the adopted measure. Yet for seven weeks after the Ways and Means Committee gave approval, leaders of the House delayed action, watching, presumably, for the political effects of the proposal. It is a record of which we must feel ashamed.

MASSACRES in Armenia and the rise of the Nationalist party in Turkey have brought an Allied police force into Constantinople. General administration of the city is not to be taken over, but strategic points have been occupied and the police put under Allied command. In the game of im-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perialist politics, military occupation often foreshadows permanent seizure. On the present occasion its purpose is just the reverse. Allied troops are sent to Constantinople so that the Turk may continue to hold the city. That is the conclusion to be drawn from the proclamation tacked on the city walls by the British, French and Italian High Commissioners. In effect they offer a bargain. Continue the massacres, they say, and you will "probably" lose your capital. Stop slaying Armenians, and you may remain. Has the issue been shifted to those grounds? If so, American and British protests against Turkish rule in Constantinople regardless of massacres or no massacres, so far as the immediate future is concerned, have apparently been short-circuited in Paris and London.

WHAT will the American government say to the plan of leaving Constantinople in Turkish hands? France, England and Italy are no doubt anxious to discover. But their interest can scarcely be limited to this one phase of the settlement. If Mr. James of the New York Times may be relied upon, in the Turkish Treaty the Allies have carved most of Asia Minor along lines of their own self-determination. France receives Cilicia. Greece is to have Eastern Thrace and a slice off the western end of Anatolia on both sides of Smyrna. Italy wants about a third of the whole of Anatolia, in which there are perhaps as many native Italians as there are Turks in Fiume. England's acquisitions begin further south, and not in Asia Minor proper. Even the people who want most to believe that a new international order has been established will find such a settlement as this—if it really is to be proposed—very much like the division of spoils that has followed every other European war.

IT may be difficult, for all that, to put into effect in Asia Minor the terms of the secret covenants secretly arrived at. No western government, as yet, is interceding in behalf of the principles on which the peace was originally to be made. But trouble enough is being caused by the native peoples of adjacent lands. Syria has proclaimed independence, crowned a King, and been refused recognition by the British Empire. Simultaneously, Abdullah is proclaimed King in Mesopotamia. The valley of the Euphrates and the eastern border of the Mediterranean have ceased, for the moment, to serve as checkerboards for the international politicians. They are problems, now, which traditional Foreign Office diplomacy will find it difficult to solve.

IF you wish a good sample of the way news can be served up to you with whatever spicing the occasion requires, we recommend a comparison of two cables sent to the New York Times by Mr. Arthur Copping. This is what Mr. Copping cables from Moscow on March 8th: "I have nowhere seen any surviving trace of class rancor or tyranny. . . . I have entered no government office or other institution without finding cultured women and girls content, smiling and lending a hand. . . . . Despotism, war, corruption, revolution, have scattered the old Russia; it behooves every educated person to help build the new Russia out of the ruins. True, the architects who have taken over the gigantic job are intent on novel foundations and strange designs. . . . But note the crucial fact that these dreamers are the only practical people," etc., etc.

WHAT had Mr. Copping learned of Russia before an international ouija board told him a change was coming in Allied policy? Here is a cable from Helsingfors, dated October 3rd, a little more than five months earlier than the other one: "A naval officer and a military officer just escaped from Petrograd gave me an interview. First I asked if the terror was pretty well ended in Russia. They shook their heads and explained that in connection with the recent bombing in Moscow, a number of persons had already been shot, not for participation in the tragedy, but for belonging to the same party as its authors. . . . Chinamen have recently been executed for selling human flesh as butchers' meat," etc., etc. Mr. Copping is versatile. Only a little more so, however, than others of his clan.

A BRIEF Associated Press dispatch announces the jury's verdict in the case of the I. W. W. members seized last November in Centralia and charged with firing upon an Armistice Day parade. Three men are found not guilty; seven are found guilty of murder in the second degree. That is all the dispatch tells about the jury's verdict—but it is enough to show that the jury decided the defendants did not shoot in self-defense. On what evidence was this decision reached? In November the coroner's inquest produced a witness—Dr. Frank J. Bickford, one of the paraders—who testified that no shots came until the marchers broke ranks and started for the I. W. W. hall. Did Dr. Bickford later recant his testimony? Was more reliable evidence produced to overrule it? The fact is, that after rousing the country with lurid stories of revolution, at the time of the shooting, the newspapers have almost completely ignored the trial. Everyone was made to feel the gravity of the incident; no one receives the evidence which followed.

THERE is a stage in the boom of a candidate for President when it becomes necessary to tag the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aspirant as a "Friend of Labor." General Wood's boom, apparently, has reached that stage. His managers are bold enough to claim for him that "labor is strongly backing the Wood-for-President movement." This assertion is not based upon the recent statement of Mr. W. G. Lee regarding the Ohio primaries, but cites the support of three periodicals and of the president of the Michigan State Federation of Labor. Two of the periodicals mentioned are in Flint and Buffalo. Concerning those papers we have no information. But what of The Unionist—which General Wood's managers describe as "Chicago's leading labor paper"?

FROM Chicago we have received a description of The Unionist. It comes from the secretary of the Labor party of Chicago, officially part and parcel of the organized A. F. of L. movement in that city, and it contains this information:

> The Unionist is not owned or endorsed by any local union or central body of the A. F. of L. in Chicago. It has repeatedly been denounced by the Chicago Federation of Labor for attempts to break up labor organizations. In a recent letter to businessmen by the editor, William Castlemen, an appeal was made for financial support from employers, to minimize union abuses and the power to strike. Its circulation in Chicago is negligible.

The statement we have received concludes: "General Wood is welcome to the support of so-called labor publications of this type."

THE Massachusetts legislature believes that the war is really over. In a broad resolution it declares for every right of peace-time citizenship. "In view of the ratification of the Peace Treaty by a majority of the Allied countries," it says, "and the virtual ending of the great war, so happily consummated, the general court declares its belief that the time has now come for the repeal and removal of all restrictions imposed for the duration of the war on the freedom of speech, the freedom of the press and the right of the people peaceably to assemble." The amnesty of all political prisoners might reasonably be included in such a resolution, if, indeed, the peace is "happily consummated."

IN the questionnaire which it submits to Presidential candidates the National Board of Farm Organizations exhibits a keener interest in liberal issues than it ordinarily has displayed. Many statements of the Board have not gone beyond such planks as the right of farmers to organize, their right to representation on commissions, etc. Such things are valuable enough in their way, but no one except certain farmers' representatives in Washington has ever thought them fundamental. The present questionnaire is something different. It wants to know, among other things, where each Presidential aspirant stands, on free speech, on the question of farm tenancy, and on "the payment of the war debt chiefly through a highly graduated income tax, or otherwise, by those best able to pay."

IN the brave days of the early Roman Republic the consuls might indeed negotiate and sign treaties of peace on their own responsibility. But if the Senate and people failed to ratify, the correct practice was to surrender the consuls to the enemy. Thus, according to Cicero (De Officiis, III, 30) Titus Veturius and Spurius Postumius were delivered up to the Samnites, with whom they had negotiated an unsatisfactory peace. And on a much later occasion Caius Mancinus, who had negotiated a peace treaty with the Numantini which the Senate failed to ratify, was on his own motion surrendered to the enemy.

The Impending European Conflict

UNCERTAIN as the outcome is of the prevailing disorder in Germany, we are justified in drawing a few definite and highly significant inferences from what has already taken place. For one thing it has exposed finally the moral and physical weakness of the monarchist and Junker reaction throughout Central Europe. During a period like the present of the untying of traditional allegiances, the dissolution of institutions and the enfeeblement of constituted authority, power accrues to those groups which know their own minds and whose ideas happen to be adjusted to the changes in social organization demanded by the changes in the balance of social forces. If there was a group in any modern country which appeared to know its own mind, it was the old ruling class in Germany. It plumed itself particularly on its physical courage, its moral determination, its political realism, its possession of the will and the ability to rule. Yet at a moment of utter weakness on the part of the middle class, democratic, parliamentary government which succeeded the Hohenzollern empire and which the old ruling classes despised and longed to overthrow, the German reactionary group proved to be entirely lacking in the single-mindedness, the discipline and in the will and the ability to rule which would have enabled it to take advantage of the weakness of its democratic successors. A small faction started a revolutionary coup d'état and achieved for a day an apparently considerable success over the discredited Ebert government, but the temporary success was fol-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lowed almost immediately by an ignominious and egregious collapse. At the critical moment the behavior of the old ruling class was afflicted with the same infirmity which it had always attributed to democracy. Whatever it knew or had learned or failed to forget, it did not know its own mind. If it had unanimously supported the coup d'état, it might, perhaps, have terrorized the German people into submission. Or if the leaders of the group had rallied to the Ebert government as the only possible source of authoritative conservatism, they might have prepared the way for a coalition of the parties of the right and the center against the left. But being unable to agree on what to do they did nothing, and by doing nothing they followed in the footsteps of the French, Bourbon aristocracy and abdicated for a second time as the rulers of Germany.

No ruling class can bring unity of purpose and a statesmanlike mastery to the work of government when its ideas lack both internal consistency and adjustability to dominating social and economic facts. The former bureaucrats and Junkers of Central Europe no longer dare to affirm their own deepest convictions. Whenever the counter-revolution has had a chance of renewed power, it has always disguised a policy of brutal and feeble violence under a hypocritical pretense of democracy and social conservation. Kolchak and Denikin claimed to represent both the old "Holy Russia" and a constitutional democracy, but they used their authority of government like drunken sailors and they perished, not as a result of the onslaughts of their enemies but because of the disaffection and hatred of their supposed subjects. Neither von Kapp nor Lüttwitz dared in their appeal for support to talk as Bismarck would have talked. They did not pretend to embody the mystic authority and the national mission which, according to the Junker tradition, inhered in the Hohenzollern family, its class associates and its expert advisers. Their declared policy consisted of a disingenuous hodgepodge of timid nationalism, dessicated democracy and hectic anti-Bolshevism. They and their kind have forfeited the credit and the prestige which enabled them throughout the nineteenth century to impose their authority on the people of Germany and Central Europe. They can no longer govern by consent. If and when any of them assume the reins of government they must rule as Kolchak did in Siberia or as Admiral Horthy is now ruling in Hungary—that is by the suppression of every vestige of popular freedom and by bare-faced and bloody terrorism.

Closely associated with this ignominious collapse of the ruling class in Central Europe there is another and still more important deduction to be made from the recent revolutionary vicissitudes of Germany. The Ebert government has rested hitherto on a coalition among the majority Socialists, the middle class democrats and the Catholic center. It was, if you please, a government of national conservation, dedicated to the humiliating and unheroic task of repudiating the old regime and its consequences without trying any dangerous experiments. So it might have remained, provided the old ruling class had recognized the necessity of the job and the more patriotic and intelligent members of the right had entered the coalition. But the right would not assume any responsibility for the liquidation of its own handiwork or for the stabilization of a parliamentary government. Many of them were merely waiting for the signal to begin a counterrevolution. They still considered any government but their own a permanent impossibility for Germany. They expected to profit from the weakness of the middle class republic and consequently refused either to adjust their ideas to a parliamentary regime or to cooperate with the groups of the center in order to strengthen conservative authority. They agitated and intrigued still further in order to weaken the only possible conservative government. The consequence is that the parties of the center in order to carry on at all are now forced to add the left center and in part the left itself to the coalition. The democratic republic must now consent to purchase the increased authority which it needs in order to suppress revolutionary communism by taking in the independent Socialists and by modifying its policy and organization in order to meet the much more radical ideas of that group. Middle class Germany, it is now clear, is compelled by the sheer necessity of the existing economic and political situation to associate its experiment in democracy with a thorough-going experiment in socialism.

Neither does the situation of Germany in this respect differ essentially from the situation of the other large European countries. For obvious reasons the crisis is more acute and imminent in Germany than elsewhere, but all over Europe, with the possible exception of Russia, the center of social stability lies well to the left of the existing governments. If they do not become more radical they will disappear under an avalanche of economic obstacles which they do not dare to recognize and of social disorder with which they are unable to cope. The classes which were ruling Europe when the war broke out have not sufficiently grasped how far the calamities and sufferings born of war have undermined popular confidence in their privileges and leadership, and how far the sheer destruction

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of goods, institutions and loyalties wrought by the war necessitate a new balance of social forces and a new distribution of political authority. The rulers of Europe might have saved their leadership, provided they had recognized how precarious the stability of the old Europe had become and provided they had written into the Treaty of Peace the principles of international cooperation and social appeasement which were implicit in the Wilson program and in the provisions of the armistice. But their minds were fixed on revenge and exploitation rather than on appeasement. They vindicated their leadership not by adjusting the new organization of Europe to the implacable common need of recuperation, but by using their victory to satisfy the cupidity of their friends and to deprive their enemies of hope and faith. They considered what they did a work of practical statesmanship as contrasted with the dangerous and unworkable idealism of the fourteen points. As a matter of fact, they were, as Disraeli said of English statesmen of 1820, practical only in the sense that they practiced the blunders of their predecessors. Their conduct rendered it necessary for the people of Europe to obtain those changes in social organization and in the distribution of political power which were the inevitable result of the war's ruthless destruction by social disorder and class conflict rather than by the wise prevision of their rulers.

There are local variations in different European countries, but their governments are all confronted by the same problem of readjusting the exercise and the distribution of power in order to regain popular confidence. They are all dealing with an economic and social predicament, the radical nature of which the political and social leaders are not sufficiently disinterested and enlightened to understand. The defeat of Germany made her predicament more acute and grave than elsewhere and the movement to the left has already occurred. Whether it will be checked before it gets too far to the left remains doubtful, but in any event the German people have before them months perhaps years of fermentation before they can regain social equilibrium. The Italian government has already moved towards the left and, fortunate in the leadership of Signor Nitti, may pull through. It is probable, however, that unless still further concessions are offered to the Socialists, the fermentation in Germany will cross the Alps and spread throughout Italy. In Great Britain the center of social equilibrium lies clearly well to the left of the Lloyd George government. Whether or not the British can incorporate a new class in the operation of the government without any violation of the peace is not yet certain, but they are going about the job with their accustomed political sagacity. Finally, the situation in France is peculiarly doubtful and dangerous. The French, like the other European nations, cannot attain equilibrium under existing conditions without moving far towards the left, but the French ruling class, because of the profits of victory, is more firmly seated in the saddle than are the rulers of its European neighbors. French politicians are chiefly responsible for the disintegration which has overtaken Europe since the armistice and they have most to lose in case a general movement to the left sweeps their peace and the promising structure of French capitalist imperialism out of existence. They will fight harder than the others against the success of the movement. But they will fight in vain. For France cannot pay her debts without socializing property and she cannot refuse to pay them without undermining the institutions of property. Let us hope the French politicians will not succeed in delaying the inevitable advent of a new distribution of power in France for so many months that when it comes it will bring a red revolution with it. Communism, it must be remembered, originated in France as the result of a French military defeat.

Thus, the recovery of social equilibrium by a movement towards the left will dominate the politics of Europe during the next ten years. Whether that movement will advance promptly and smoothly or in a halting and disorderly manner will depend chiefly upon the extent and the celerity with which the several governments consent to scrap the Treaty. Just in so far as those governments are reluctant to scrap the Treaty, just to that extent the Treaty will render it impossible for those governments to survive. It is the impending revolution in the balance of social classes and in the distribution of political power which is the all important fact in the political and social situation of Europe. For this reason the arguments which Mr. Hoover recently derived for the American ratification of the Treaty from the danger of discord among European nations and their reluctance to disarm do not have the weight which he attributed to them. What is foreshadowed is a conflict between classes rather than a conflict between nations. The Treaty wrote that conflict into the constitution of Europe, and it must, as Mr. Maynard Keynes has insisted, at least for a while run its course. American money and American political assistance cannot prevent it from running its course. Neither would it be desirable any longer for America to make the attempt. When anything like equilibrium is reestablished, the old Europe will be superseded by a new Europe at least as different from the old as the France of 1830 was from the France of 1789.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Triumph of the Irreconcilables

WHEN the Senate rejected the Treaty of Versailles on March 19th, it reached a final decision which, at the time the President submitted the document last summer, looked incredible and impossible. Notwithstanding the differences of opinion between the Republican majority and the President, the reasons which made for ratification in some form or other appeared overwhelming. Only a small minority of the Senate wished really to defeat the Treaty and only a small fraction of American public opinion supported the Irreconcilables in seeking to defeat it. Yet in the end the will of the Irreconcilables triumphed. The two larger groups that wished to ratify either with or without substantial reservations nullified each other and permitted the handful of Irreconcilables to impose their purpose on the overwhelming majority of their colleagues in the Senate. And American public opinion which exhibited on the whole but small sympathy with the Bitter Enders does not seem to be particularly vexed by the result. If we may risk a guess, we should say that more Americans are annoyed at the refusal of President Wilson to accept ratification subject to the reservations than are annoyed at the insistence of the Republican majority in writing the reservations into the Treaty. But with the exception of a comparatively small number of enthusiasts, our countrymen are not keenly interested one way or another. At the present moment they are more than anything else fatigued with the whole controversy and apathetic about the result.

The reason for this extraordinary termination of a war which cost so many American lives and imposed such a heavy burden of debt on future American industry is, however, neither obscure nor arbitrary. The war, so far as the American people was concerned, was a violent and exciting episode in their national life rather than the natural result of conditions with which they were familiar and of ideas which they had worked into their national consciousness. Their intense patriotism carried them through the fighting and enabled them cheerfully to put forth the exertions which were indispensable to Allied victory. The facts that Germany forced them into the war and that they fought with disinterested motives gave reality to their conception of the American army as moral crusaders. But in spite of all of President Wilson's addresses, they never thoroughly realized just what positive political purposes they were fighting for in addition to the military purpose of defeating Germany. They had always thought of the American nation as politically divided from Europe rather than politically united to Europe. Many of them would admit abstractly that the war had changed America's traditional relationship to Europe; but they were not agreed as to the limits of the change and as to the scope of the future political responsibilities of the United States outside of the American continent.

This lack of antecedent preparation for any definition of their future political relationship to Europe was rendered disastrous in its effects by the nature of the Treaty. If Mr. Wilson had brought back from Paris a settlement which introduced new and healing principles into the European international society, he could have made an effective and in the end probably an irresistible appeal in favor of full American participation in the future counsels of Europe. But what the Treaty of Versailles actually proposed was a more or less complete American guarantee of a political settlement which restored the status quo ante in Europe. Its chance of future stability rested not on the essential justice of the provisions of the settlement, but chiefly on preponderant force. And the force upon which European statesmen depended to defend their handiwork was the economic and military energy of the American people. It is no wonder, consequently, that American nationalism took alarm.

The Senate was right in insisting on a series of reservations which, however unwise some of them were, boiled down to the proclamation by the American government that in subscribing to the Treaty it did not abandon for the future complete freedom of action. The nature of the Treaty hopelessly confused the issue as to the future American relationship with Europe. It was not a new cooperative society of nations which we were asked to join and to support, but the resurrection of an unstable equilibrium of mutually suspicious and competing nations.

The defeat of the Treaty is, consequently, in our opinion a desirable and wholesome result. It was better to reject rather than to ratify with reservations because the more drastic repudiation will make for the ultimate destruction of the Treaty. If the Treaty can be destroyed rather than kept alive by amendment, the world will be to that extent better off. Everything which has happened in Europe since President Wilson returned last summer has helped to demonstrate the impossibility of the political and economic order which the Treaty proposed to bring into existence. Europe is dis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

integrating as a result of the international and class animosities which it perpetuated and intensified. The disintegration has obtained so much momentum that it will go further before it is stopped and, in any event, the existing governments of Europe are not capable of stopping it. They are themselves the helpless and the predestined victims of the ruinous effects of their own handiwork. The indorsement by America of their Treaty can no longer save that scrap of paper and can no longer deliver them from its effects. Its final rejection by the Senate is a prelude to its final repudiation by all the peoples.

But the price paid for the defeat of the Treaty is high. The Irreconcilables triumph in a world which more than anything else needs reconciliation. The United States resumes an isolation the spirit of which ignores the fundamental facts of their relationship with Asia and Europe. They have reaffirmed and fortified a tradition which American participation in the war did, as a matter of fact, deprive of its vitality. They have added considerably to the difficulty of breaking down that tradition when its breakdown becomes necessary. Yet it must be broken down and without much delay. American participation in the war was an episode considered in relation to the past of America, but considered in relation to the future it is a precedent and the beginning of a new tradition. America somehow and soon will have to go to the political and economic assistance of Europe as she did to the military assistance; and she will repeat the exploit not because she wants to but, as in the former case, because she must.

In the not very distant future the disintegration which is now taking place in Europe will compel the calling of another world congress which will in effect form an international committee of public safety. The success of such a congress will chiefly depend upon the attitude of the American government. It does not look at present as if that attitude would be sufficiently considerate and understanding, but let us not despair in advance.

In 1915 it did not look as if the American nation would ever intervene in the war. Yet we did intervene. So far as America is concerned irreconcilability has run its course and won its victory. We have acted in an alarmed and bewildered spirit of national egotism, convinced that national egotism is under the circumstances sacred. But the spirit even of sacred egotism will not endure. Now that the Treaty is out of the way, and if it can be kept out of the way, we may fairly anticipate under the prompting of European misery and calamity a gradual revival of American generosity and international helpfulness.

Our New Merchant Marine

THE Shipping Board has now published figures which reveal in its full magnitude the shipping problem with which the country is confronted. At the outbreak of the European war the total American merchant marine engaged in foreign trade was roughly 1,600,000 deadweight tons. All of it was in private hands. On February 1, 1920, the Director of Operations of the Shipping Board had under his control 8,383,322 deadweight tons of shipping, and there were under construction for the government 3,528,234 deadweight tons more. The figures are not precisely comparable, for the latter figures include a few ships in the Great Lakes and coastwise service; but making all allowances the government is now operating a fleet five times as great as the whole private American merchant marine in foreign trade in 1914.

It is true the operation is not direct. The Shipping Board has adopted the policy of employing private American shipping firms to act as agents of the government in manning and handling the ships. These companies are paid for their services on a somewhat complicated system of fees and commissions on freight, and in return hire the crews, purchase the supplies, and book the cargoes. But the profits and losses are for government account, and the Shipping Board, until recently, has fixed the freight rates and determined the trade routes. It is now attempting to put into effect a new arrangement under which a greater freedom of action is accorded the operating company, with a scheme of profit sharing as a spur to efficiency, but the government remains the owner as well as the principal partner in the venture.

What is to be done with this vast fleet? Sell it, says the average business man. Sell it, and sell it cheap, chimes in the private ship operator. Sell it, as junk if necessary, echoes the World, which seems to think that the less you get for your property the more economical you are. But it is easy to say, sell. Who is there to buy? As to some of the ships there is not much difference of opinion. The wooden ships, whatever their justification in the war emergency, are not commercially valuable under the American flag. Many have already been sold to foreign flags, some have been turned into barges, others are lying idle. Except as a problem in salvage, the wooden ships may be disregarded. To a lesser degree, the same is true of the smaller steel ships. A certain number of these 3,300 to 4,000 tonners are valuable in the West Indies and Central American trade, but in general it is good policy to sell them where they

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will bring the most, whether under our own or under foreign flags.

The real problem centers about the steel cargo ships of the larger standard sizes, 8,800 and 10,000 tons, and about the ex-German and other passenger liners. It is generally agreed that they must remain under the American flag, if it is in any way possible to keep them there. It is against these vessels that the "drive" to compel an immediate sale has been aimed. It is upon this fleet of large freight and passenger carriers that the shipping world is casting covetous eyes.

Now it is easy to pass resolutions favoring the immediate relinquishment of these ships into private hands. The difficulties do not appear till the details of prices and purchasers are examined. As to purchasers, it is apparent that a shipping company cannot buy a large new tonnage without strong financial support, and it is also apparent that in a business in which profits depend so largely upon personal factors of ability and experience, financial support will not be forthcoming except to companies whose ability and experience have been fully tested. There are not many such companies in the United States. The market is necessarily a narrow one. As to prices, the propaganda for immediate sale generally assumes that the ships will be offered for about a hundred dollars a ton. Since they cost the government between two hundred and fifty and three hundred dollars a ton, it is not surprising that the men who have been in charge of the government shipping program are not enthusiastic over the plan.

At first sight, it is true, the Shipping Board figures of ships already sold are impressive. Chairman Payne tells the Senate Committee that 266 ships have been sold, at prices aggregating $159,872,468. But upon closer examination the significant number dwindles considerably. Sixty-seven of these ships were under construction for private parties when the United States entered the war, and were taken over in full title by the Shipping Board. The so-called "sale" is no more than a re-conveyance to the original owners at the cost of construction. This eliminates 640,685 deadweight tons. Nineteen of the 266 were ex-German cargo ships, which it may turn out the Shipping Board had no legal right to sell. The figure includes also a large amount of wooden tonnage. It includes seventeen requisitioned steel ships of which the average size is under 5,000 tons. Only thirty-one ships built under contract for the Shipping Board have as yet been sold. Most of these "contract" ships were large ones, and they brought an average price of $217 a deadweight ton—a very fair figure.

Excluding the ships merely re-conveyed to their owners, then, and the ex-German ships as to which title is in dispute, only a little over 300,000 deadweight tons have been sold—a paltry amount when it is considered that the Board's present fleet is over 8,000,000 and that over 3,000,000 tons are still under construction.

Only two alternatives present themselves. Either the selling price must be greatly reduced, or the government must make up its mind to remain in the ship owning business for a good many years to come. The first of these alternatives presents grave objections. It means a loss to the government of perhaps a billion dollars, which is now under government ownership earning a fair return, if we may judge by Chairman Payne's figures. But the objections are more fundamental. If the ships are sold now at bargain prices, many of them will be bought by inexperienced fly-by-night shipping concerns, tempted only by the chance of resale at a profit. Companies will buy not because they have the organization and ability to handle the ships, but because they think they have a speculative bargain.

The second alternative, therefore, is the only one which is at the present time practicable. For a good many years the federal government must continue to own the great bulk of our war-born merchant fleet. It should sell ships from time to time, as it has in the past, but only to companies which are competent to earn a profit on the ships at a fair valuation. For the balance, we must perfect our present policy of operation through private companies on a profit-sharing agency basis.

The skeptic will answer that this means government supervision, and hence incompetent supervision, and with the present organization of the Shipping Board it must be admitted the charge is not easy to meet. The acknowledged theory upon which President Wilson has selected the members of that board has been that any man who has had shipping experience is an object of suspicion. He has tried to operate the largest merchant fleet in the world through a board of lawyers and manufacturers. Concede that it is not easy to find a shipping man who will rise above the private interests with which he has been associated. Yet surely it is not impossible, as Mr. Hines has demonstrated among railroad men. Abolish the Shipping Board and substitute a single responsible cabinet officer. Employ an experienced ship operator as general manager and give him a salary and security of tenure sufficient to enable him to cast off his private interests and throw his lot permanently with the public. Announce a policy for the future and stick to it. Such a course will attract men of experience and public spirit into the government shipping service. No other course will.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Federal Judge Speaks Up

TO anyone, who still has a lingering belief that the "red" raids and deportation proceedings of the Department of Justice are lawful and constitutional and consistent with American ideals we recommend a perusal of the decision of the federal district court sitting in Montana in the person of Judge Bourquin. The court had before it the case of one John Jackson, an alien, a miner, and a member of the local branch of the I. W. W., who was arrested without warrant in February, 1919, in the course of a "raid", and ordered deported. Let Judge Bourquin tell the story in his own judicial way:

> "From August, 1916, to February, 1919," he says, summarizing the proven evidence, "the Butte union of the Industrial Workers of the World was dissatisfied with working places, conditions and wages in the mining industry, and to remedy them were discussing ways and means including strike if necessary. In consequence its hall and orderly meetings were several times raided by employers' agents, federal agents and soldiers duly officered, acting by federal authority and without warrant. The members, men and women, many of whom a familiar principle concludes are citizens of the United States, made no resistance save oral protests, no retaliation, and there was no disorder save by the raiders. These, armed, forcibly entered, broke and destroyed property, searched effects and papers, seized papers and documents, cursed, insulted, beat, dispersed and bayonetted members by order of the captain commanding; likewise entered petitioner's adjacent living apartment, insulted his wife, searched and seized his papers, several times arrested him and others, and in general in an orderly and populous city perpetrated an orgy of terror, violence and crime against citizen and alien in public assemblage, whose only offence seems to have been peaceable insistence upon and exercise of a clear legal right."

After several days in jail, Jaskson was closeted with an inspector, a policeman and a soldier, denied the right of counsel, and put through the form of inquisition which has since become so familiar a feature of Mr. Palmer's deportation raids. Later he was allowed counsel, but the counsel's insistence on his client's constitutional right to be confronted with all the material witnesses was disregarded, and his objections excluded from the record. The Bureau of Immigration was on its way toward deporting him when he applied to Judge Bourquin for a writ of habeas corpus.

The court ordered Jackson released, not an any ground personal to Jackson, but on the broader ground that the whole method of seizure, trial and deportation without due process violated the Constitution of the United States. To the argument, supported by a passing dictum of the Supreme Court in an early case, that the constitutional guarantees against unreasonable searches and seizure do not apply to aliens, Judge Bourquin replied emphatically:

> "To say you shall be exposed to unreasonable searches and seizure without warrant and deprived of the due process Congress prescribes in deportation, because you are an alien, is to say you are an alien because so found upon evidence secured by unreasonable searches and seizure and in proceedings without the due process Congress has prescribed—a vicious circle and a grave danger to all, citizens as well as aliens. It invokes the age-long methods of tyranny to convict by unlawful means because you are guilty,and to condemn as guilty because you are convicted by unlawful means. It is impossible that by the dictum aforesaid the Supreme Court intends to or will sanction so dangerous and tyrannical a construction of the Constitution, virtually legalizing outrageous, cruel and horrifying raiding, mobbing and lynching like that at bar, in which both citizen and alien are sacrificed.
>
> "The Declaration of Independence, the writings of the Fathers of our country, the Revolution, the Constitution and Union all were inspired to overthrow the like governmental tyranny. They are yet living, vital, potential forces to safeguard all domiciled in the country, alien as well as citizen."

Perhaps under the strict juristic necessities of the case Judge Bourquin might have stopped there. What follows is addressed to a larger constituency than the parties in the case and the bar of his district. The alien who advocates the doctrines revealed in the case, the opinion proceeds, "is a far less danger to this country than are the parties who in violation of law and order, of humanity and justice, have brought him to deportation. They are the spirit of intolerance incarnate, and the most alarming manifestation in America today. Thoughtful men who love this country and its institutions see more danger in them and in their practices, and the government by hysteria that they stimulate, than in the miserable, baited "Reds" that are the ostensible occasion of them all. The people may confidently assume that even as the "Reds", they too in due time will pass, and the nation still live. It is for the courts to deal with both, to hold both in check when brought within jurisdiction."

A few more decisions like this one of Judge Bourquin will go far toward restoring the faith of the American citizen in the moral integrity, the vision and the courage of the American judiciary. When men as high in the councils of the government as a Palmer and a Burleson become leaders in lawlessness and experts in the circumvention of constitutional guarantees, and when the responsible head of the government does nothing to keep them in check, the federal courts alone have the power to safeguard our civil liberties. Judge Bourquin has shown that there is one federal judge, at least, who is not afraid to speak up.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who Pays Excess Profits Tax?

AT first glance this looks like a silly question. Who pays the tax? Who squeals? Not the widow nor orphan, not the laborer nor salaried drudge, not the farmer nor small shopkeeper, but the trust magnate, the banker, the New York Times and Nicholas Murray Butler. But let us not trust to easy inferences. In economic and finance first appearances are often deceptive. There may be reason for believing that the great ones who are squealing about the excess profits tax are doing so not because it pinches them but because it pinches the lesser ones like ourselves. Perhaps they are squealing out of brotherly love and public spirit. There is reason for believing this, for the great ones themselves declare that it is our distress that stirs their anguish. The excess profits tax does not hurt them a bit. Quite the contrary; it increases the net profit income left in their hands when all the books are balanced. It hurts us, because the tax is added to the cost of living, not once, but over and over. And therefore in our interest they would abolish the excess profits tax and put in its place a stamp on retail sales. Every purchase of a dollar or more, it is proposed, shall be plastered with stamps of one per cent to five per cent, according to the need of revenue. The consumer would pay that tax, of course, but he would pay it just once, not expanded by a series of successive profits.

Behind this doctrine there lies a theory of finance and economics that is worth examining. It is the more interesting because it is brand new, made to order for the express purpose of the attack on the excess profits tax. In all the array of professional treatises on finance one would search in vain for an anticipation of this theory. The President of the American Bankers Association would have a perfect right to a patent on the theory and a royalty on the results, if it can be successfully sold to the American people.

It is orthodox finance to believe that taxes falling upon the general elements in cost are paid by the consumer with additional profits attached to them. Suppose we levied a tax of twenty-five cents a pound on raw wool. The spinner would add that amount and something more to the price of yarn, and justifiably. For it would cost more, in interest, to carry a stock of raw wool, enhanced in price by the tax. The weaver, having taken over the tax, with interest, from the spinner, would pass it on to the wholesaler, with his own additional charge for carrying taxed stock. And so on down to the final consumer, who would pay the original tax together with the whole succession of intermediate interest charges. He would certainly pay more than the original twenty-five cents on each pound of wool that found its way to him. Very likely he would pay fifty cents. Plainly it would be to his interest to substitute for the tax on raw wool a tax on the finished product, not loaded with interest charges all along the line. That is one of the most cogent arguments against revenues raised by a tariff on raw materials.

The orthodox theorists had no difficulty in showing just how the spinner was able to throw the tax on wool forward to the weaver. The price of yarn had to be sufficient to pay the spinner's costs. It had to cover the cost of labor, interest on all capital used and the tax on material. If it did not, the spinning industry was bound to shrink, the supply of yarn to be reduced, until the price was forced up to a cost paying level. What was implied in the argument was that competition operated effectively enough to keep prices near a cost paying level—including in costs what we frequently call reasonable profits, non excess profits. In so far as the premise of effective competition was invalid, and the spinners were enjoying excess profits, the whole theory of the shifting forward of the tax to the consumer was invalidated. The tax would be absorbed, wholly or in part, by the spinner's profits.

Now, the originality of the doctrine of President Hawes and the New York Times consists precisely in this, that they lift the theory of the taxation of elements of cost, under the premise of competition, and apply it to the taxation of excess profits, under the premise of non-competition. In the concrete their argument runs as follows: The spinner was making profits that, besides covering costs and the exempted normal profits of eight per cent, yielded an excess profit of twelve dollars on the hundred of capital invested. The government takes two dollars and forty cents out of that twelve. The spinner is discontented: what shall he do about it? Go out of business, as the competitive spinner might have been compelled to do? That would be a preposterous policy, since the spinner is still getting 17.60 per cent on his investment. Nobody abandons such a gold mine as that. No; according to the new theory the spinner just puts prices up until he gets his net twenty dollars per hundred of investment. The weaver has to stand it, and has his own excess profits tax to pay. But the weaver likewise puts up prices until he gets what profits he considers fair; probably he puts them up a little more for good measure. And so these profits taxes, with additions for good measure, accumulate until they tumble with crushing weight upon the ultimate consumer.

That is the argument; if it runs in terms of abstract theory, that is not our fault; we take it as we find it. Those who propose it might offer proof that prices in America stand at a higher level than

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they would stand if we had recognized the sacrosanct character of excess profits. They do not; they do not even argue that prices have risen more inordinately in industries paying heavy excess profits taxes than in industries like agriculture paying practically none. They might offer instances of excess profiteers, disgruntled because they find it difficult to recoup themselves by raising prices, retiring from business. They do not. They rely exclusively on the common sense principle that a man who has been taking twenty per cent will keep on taking twenty per cent, if he can, and on the further assumption that he can do it if he wishes.

That assumption is interesting. If a man can take twenty per cent if he wants to do so, and by his control over prices can defy any attempt of the government to abate his takings, why can he not take thirty per cent, or fifty, or one hundred? Of course he can. No doubt he has some sense of moderation, which may restrain him, for a time. But just the same, the argument implies that the profiteers have us by the throat. They can take from us exactly what they please. The Socialists have often asserted this, but not before now have we found chambers of commerce and bankers and orthodox capitalistic journalists trying to prove it.

The proof is as feeble as the self interest behind it is powerful. The profiteers dislike the excess profits tax because it exposes them and takes part of the plunder they would otherwise keep for themselves. If they were really solicitous of the consumer's welfare, and believed that there are profiteers who proceed ruthlessly to raise prices until their net takings are as they would be without the tax, they would propose an altogether different remedy. Take one hundred per cent of the profit, above an adequate minimum—say, ten per cent, or even fifteen. Then there would be no difficulty at all with the gentlemen who want to recoup themselves at the consumer's expense.

We are not proposing any such drastic remedy, because we do not believe in the existence of the disease. Our position is easily defined. In principle the excess profits tax is excellent. We see no clear logic in the existing rates—20 per cent on the margin between profits of twenty per cent and profits of eight per cent—with abatement of $3,000—and 40 per cent on profits above twenty per cent. That looks like rough workmanship. There is more rough workmanship in the discrimination between corporations and non-corporate enterprises, in the definition of costs to be deducted before profits are measured. We believe that the time has come for a thorough revision of the tax, primarily in the interest of fairness, but secondarily in the interest of an increased revenue from it.

But revised or not, the excess profits tax is essential to any sane and conservative economic and financial policy. Before the adoption of this tax we were helpless in the face of the growing power of monopoly. Our Department of Justice went forth with great clatter of drums and trumpets and busted a trust. We waited for lower prices or any other evidence of diminished monopoly power; waited like white-robed millennial sectaries for the Day of Judgment. Our government girded itself to fix prices and punish the profiteers. What happened? The government claims that it produced a tendency toward lower prices; a tendency as big as a man's hand, on the horizon. For our part, we confess, we have seen nothing.

But with the principle of profits taxation in operation there is hope of an abatement of monopoly as a factor in distribution. The steel trust and the coal and lumber barons, the monopolists great and small may still extort high prices, but we can divert more and more of the proceeds to the public treasury. That, we believe, will produce moderation in price policies far sooner than exemption from profits taxation. When we have worked out the tax effectively the directors of monopolistic enterprises will ask themselves: Shall we extort another million from the consumers, chiefly for the benefit of the government, or shall we leave it where it belongs, in the consumers' pockets? We believe that they will often choose the latter alternative, since contented and prosperous consumers insure a stable market. And that is an asset which is valued by wise business men only next after profits secure in the stock holders' bank balances.

Excess profits taxes offer one solution of the problem of monopoly. There is one other solution compatible with democracy. That is nationalization. Everything else has failed.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1920, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT; ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY — CHARLES MERZ
FRANCIS HACKETT — WALTER LIPPMANN
ALVIN JOHNSON — PHILIP LITTELL
SIGNE TOKSVIG, Assistant Editor

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What About Armenia?

IT was last December that Lloyd George summed up the position of Armenia from the European point of view:

"Anatolia, Armenia and the Christian communities in Asia Minor have to be protected," he said. "Much depends on whether America, which has no great burdens, but has gigantic resources, will be prepared to take her share in this great task of civilization." The tenor of the remainder of the British Premier's speech was calculated to leave the impression that the United States has evaded a responsibility in Armenia. Editorial comment in British and French newspapers has reflected this same view. I have talked with a prominent English Armenian who has just given a large sum to found an Armenian college at Adana. He expressed the same sentiment. The locum tenens of the Armenian prelacy in Smyrna has the same idea. It is a feeling which is being sedulously cultivated throughout Europe and the Near East. It is even being subtly propagated among the Armenians themselves.

Just what is the truth of the matter?

There are something like a million people in the United States who have given generously and repeatedly to various relief funds for expenditure in Armenia. They at least have a right to know what the situation in respect of Armenia really is.

What was worrying Mr. Lloyd George and the other international politicians of Europe last December was whether the United States would "accept a mandate for Armenia," as it was customarily put—whatever that may mean. But the strange part of the matter then—and it is no different at this writing—was that though fourteen months had passed since the war ceased in the Near East, no one yet knew what this independent Armenia, to which European statesmen periodically pledged their support in resounding phrases, was to consist of. No one knows, even now.

Yet there has always been an Armenia of sorts, and once Armenia was an independent kingdom. Since the days of Ghenghiz Khan, however, the Armenians, Christians, have been under the Moslem domination of Persians, Turks or Tartars. But even on any modern map of the Near East, ARMENIA is written in capital letters across the country between Sivas, in Turkey, and Lake Sevanga, in Russian Transcaucasia. No boundaries appear, for obviously Armenia is not a political entity. But it is clear enough that there is, or ought to be, such a thing as an Armenia in that part of the world somewhere.

Presumably, of course, Armenia is where the Armenians live—or rather where they did live, before some 800,000 of those in Turkey were massacred during 1915. In the Ottoman Empire, this is generally conceded to be the six vilayets or provinces of Erzeroum, Van, Bitlis, Kharput, Diarbekir and Sivas, with an Armenian pre-war population of some 1,018,000 out of a total population of about 2,615,000. In Russian Transcaucasia, just north of the Russian frontier with Turkey and Persia, some 1,293,000 Armenians inhabit the "governments" or provinces of Kars and Erivan and part of that of Elisabethpol, out of a total population in the same territory of 2,160,000.

Until 1917, as Russia was an ally, the promises of European statesmen to erect an independent Armenia, put the soft pedal on that part of Russia inhabited predominantly by Armenians. In the first two and a half years of the war, any Armenia to be created in the event of an Allied victory was to be carved wholly out of Turkey, and to consist of the six Armenian vilayets above mentioned. It was expected that the vilayet of Adana [Cilicia] would be added, to give this Armenia an outlet on the Mediterranean, at Alexandretta.

In 1917, however, the situation changed. The first revolution broke out in Russia and, in March, the Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaivitch abandoned the Turkish front, accompanied by all the Russian functionaries and officials who had hitherto exercised in the vice-royalty of Transcaucasia that paternal authority at once the strength and the weakness of the Tsarist government. The Armenians, not only in Eastern Turkey but even those in the Armenian provinces of Russia, were left to shift for themselves, while chaos succeeded the rigors of martial law in Russian Transcaucasia.

The Armenian National Committee appealed to the Allied governments for protection. But things were going badly with the Allies on the west front, and the Armenians were told that the Allied Powers were powerless to aid, and were advised to make what arrangements they could to escape extermination at the hands of the advancing Turks. Though the Russian Caucasus army, deserted by its high command, had gone to pieces, certain purely Armenian units remained intact—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some 150,000 soldiers of experience. These, together with what volunteer irregulars could be hurriedly recruited, resisted the victorious Turks stubbornly. But anarchy behind them and a disorganized and uncertain supply service put them at too great a disadvantage. The utmost this Armenian force was able to accomplish was to cover the exodus of some 400,000 Armenian noncombatants, still left alive in Eastern Turkey, into Russian Transcaucasia, where they were concentrated as refugees.

In March, 1918, the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk put Russia definitely out of the war. On May 26th, the Armenian National Council—whose membership had been elected by the Armenian people in November 1917—proclaimed the independence of Armenia, recognized later by the Bolshevist government of Russia in an instrument supplemental to the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk. A provisional government was formed and an armistice was concluded with the Turks in June which did not, however, lead to peace. Subsequently, the Ottoman government offered to recognize the Armenian government on condition that it renounce all claims to Turkish Armenia. This the Armenians refused to do, as they had already rejected autonomy under Ottoman rule, offered in 1915 as the price of Armenian aid of Turkey in the war.

All of this is important principally as throwing light upon the question of what is meant by Armenia. When hostilities ceased in western Europe, two facts in respect of Armenia confronted the Peace Conference: Turkey was defeated, and the six Armenian vilayets of Turkey were, therefore, open to disposal in accordance with the plan which had met no opposition in England, France, Italy or the United States since the European war began. Second, there was actually in existence an independent Armenia, with a de facto government, outside that Ottoman area which had hitherto been regarded as the territory of which Armenia was to be formed. The Turks themselves by the Treaty of Batoum had recognized an Armenia 6,000 square miles in extent—mostly barren mountains, it is true—inhabited by 230,000 Armenians. At the time of the armistice, the Armenian provisional government actually administered an area inhabited by over 750,000 Armenians, and then harboring in addition some 263,000 refugees.

If Armenia was to be where the Armenians lived, it would seem logical that the government of this territory could safely have been recognized as a de facto government, and that part of Russian Transcaucasia inhabited predominantly by Armenians acknowledged as Armenia, at least until further settlements could be made as to the final disposition of Turkey. But no recognition of any kind was accorded Armenia. The new government, without resources and with 263,000 Armenian refugees within, and over 100,000 others without its territory, not to speak of 248,000 destitute among the local population, was left without financial aid or even the moral countenance of formal recognition.

An inconsiderable British force landed in Baku at the end of 1918—but this landing was effected at the instance of a faction of the Moslem government of Azerbaidjan, and not to protect the Armenians. It devoted its efforts largely to securing and retaining control of the Baku-Batoum railway—Britain's gate to the Caspian, Persia and the oil wells of Baku. Six months later, against every plea of the young Armenian government, this force was entirely withdrawn from any possibility of aid or protection to Armenia. But a considerable force was, nevertheless, kept in Batoum—the Black Sea end of the oil pipe line from Baku—and Denikin's Caspian fleet was furnished with enough English officers and men to guarantee a British control of Baku.

Meanwhile, the United States was being urged to "accept a mandate for Armenia"—while as yet there was no formal or informal recognition of the existence of the de facto Armenian government, and no pronouncement whatever of what might be meant by Armenia. There had been four distinct occasions on which at least a tentative delimitation of Armenia would have been appropriate, if not actually required by international sincerity: (1) in 1915, when the Turkish massacres of the Armenians throughout the six Armenian vilayets shocked the world; (2) in 1916, when the Russians had completed the conquest of the vilayets of Van, Erzeroum, Bitlis and Trebizonde, constituting the greater part of Turkish Armenia; (3) in 1917, when following the Russian revolution, there could be no further opposition on the part of Imperial Russia to the inclusion of the Armenian provinces of Russian Transcaucasia in an Armenia then quite as much an independent state as the Ukraine or Finland, and much more a nation than Esthonia; and (4) in 1918, when Armenia had declared and maintained her own independence—an independence recognized both by Bolshevist Russia and by Turkey.

On none of these occasions had the European chancelleries, so interested in persuading the United States to take a mandate for Armenia, committed themselves as to what Armenia might ultimately be expected to include. The United States was being hustled into buying a pig in a poke, into making

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

itself morally and financially responsible for a country whose extent, and consequently whose resources—upon which must depend the ability of the country to maintain its freedom—no one knew. France and especially England were feverishly eager for the United States to send large bodies of troops to the Near East to "protect" Armenia, as a "great task of civilization." But they were not willing to define the extent of the territory we were expected to protect, nor to recognize openly and frankly that Armenia should consist of the former Turkish vilayets of Erzeroum, Van, Bitlis, Kharput, Diarbekir, Sivas and Adana together with the former Russian governments of Kars and Erivan and parts of the Djevanshir, Shusha and Zanguezour districts of the government of Elisabethpol —or even any part of this territory, all far more Armenian than Thrace and Smyrna are Greek, Dalmatia, Italian or Posen or Danzig, Polish.

Why the reticence?

Certainly the Allied Powers owed Bolshevist Russia no consideration which might deprive the Armenians of Transcaucasia of the independence they had declared and defended, single-handed. Certainly no settlement that might subsequently be reached with defeated Turkey could set aside the repeated promises of both France and England that at least some part of Turkish Armenia should be erected into an independent state, as one result of Allied victory. Was the reluctance of the Allied Powers to recognize Armenia due solely to the fact that Armenia had not bought her freedom by active warfare on the side of the Allies? Scarcely; since from the date of the break-up of the Russian army the Armenian forces on the Turkish east front had actively engaged more regular Turkish troops than ever the Greeks had kept Bulgars busy, in Macedonia or anywhere else.

Then what was at the bottom of this anomalous situation in the Near East?

If we are to have any true conception of what has been going on, it must be recognized that to a certain extent the French and to a very great extent the British governments were deeply involved in the so-called anti-Bolshevist adventures of Kolchak and Denikin. I say "governments" because what I have followed in both the French and British press has convinced me that the people of neither country have had any true conception either of how deeply their respective governments had involved them in these two adventures, nor indeed of the true character of these adventures themselves. I know that the governments were aware of the nature of the enterprise upon which they had embarked in southeastern Russia at least, because repeated protests against the imperialistic policy of Denikin were sent by the Caucasian States to the Peace Conference. On February 27, 1919, a competent British representative in the Caucasus reported to his government:

> In the eyes of the socialists, we are imperialists and monarchists, and are backing Denikin not only against Bolshevism but also to deprive the proletariat of the freedom they have won in the revolution.

As in the elections of November, 1917, the socialist vote in Armenia was 548,000 to 15,000 and the socialist tendency has since increased rather than diminished, this statement would seem to furnish conclusive evidence as to the course the Allies chose in the Near East. In a matter so vital as the existence of a nation, it is difficult to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, undiscovered. Denikin made no secret of his purpose to reincorporate all Transcaucasia in Imperial Russia in the event of his success. He refused point blank to permit wheat, bought by the American Relief Administration in the Kouban for use in feeding starving Armenians, to be exported from the territory he controlled. A very large number—about a quarter of a million—Russians still live in Transcaucasia. Of these, last December there were approximately 145,000 in want; 20,000 depended upon the American Near East Relief for food enough to keep body and soul together. Many of these are in Armenia and the food they consume was intended for Armenians, not Russians. Yet when Denikin was urged to repatriate them into the Russia his army then held, he replied: "They cannot be repatriated into Russia. They are in Russia now." Colonel Rolandson's famous proclamation to the Mohammedan mountaineers of Daghestan—subsequently repudiated by the British government when it saw what a mare's nest had been raised—put the situation in a nutshell:

> The Government of England supports General Denikin and his purposes. General Denikin's purpose is the abolition of Bolshevism, *the regeneration of a great inseparable Russia.* . . . England is assisting Denikin, supplying him with ammunition, tanks, aeroplanes, guns and machine guns, and will continue to assist him until Denikin brings his task to an end.

Here, then, is at least one cause of the reluctance of the Allies to recognize the independence of an Armenia which the Armenians themselves had formed of the Armenian districts of Russian Transcaucasia: Denikin had been promised the reintegration of all of Russian Transcaucasia into the "great, inseparable Russia" he was seeking to reestablish, with Allied aid, under the old imperialistic regime. And while this was generally known throughout the Caucasus to be the case, the United States was being importuned to "take her share in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this great task of civilization" by assuming responsibility for an Armenia of uncertain extent, with the string of reintegration into Imperialist Russia of all Russian Armenia tied to Armenia's independence.

This is but one phase. Closer examination into the situation following the arrival of Major General Forestier Walker and his British troops in Baku in November, 1918, reveals other motives at work to postpone or prevent the fulfillment of Allied pledges to Armenia.

One of the earliest steps taken ostensibly in support of the Denikin adventure was the institution of what amounted to a blockade of Transcaucasia. In the early days of the British occupation, the purpose of this measure appeared to be the prevention of supplies reaching the Bolshevists from Armenia, Georgia and Azerbaidjan, the three independent republics formed of Russian Transcaucasia in January 1918. The method of procedure was, first, to obtain command of the Caspian Sea, and thus be in a position to control all exports from and imports into Baku; second to seize the Black Sea port of Batoum and thus to close the only gate connecting Transcaucasia with western Europe; third, to take possession of the Batoum-Baku railway, and thus to control all internal traffic in Transcaucasia, including the Alexandropol-Kars and Alexandropol-Erivan branches, constituting the highways to the outer world of Russian Armenia.

As the republics of Armenia, Georgia and Azerbaidjan were themselves essentially anti-Bolshevist, and as, moreover, they lacked sufficient supplies for their own citizens—much less for the 585,000 refugees of all kinds who had fled into Transcaucasia from Eastern Turkey—it may be doubted that this deliberate isolation of Transcaucasia and consequent stifling of Armenia was wholly a military measure of support of Denikin. The same competent British authority previously quoted places the action on other grounds. He says:

> On the arrival of the British in Baku, arrangements were made to take control of the Caspian mercantile fleet, except that portion with the Bolshevists. All ships were denationalized and placed under a British controller . . . It is to our immediate interest to facilitate trade between Persia and Azerbaidjan, and this has been recognized by the British Minister in Teheran, who has taken up the question.

It certainly did not prove to the interest of Azerbaidjan or of Armenia, both of which countries were thereby cut off from any possibility of obtaining breadstuffs from Russia by way of the Volga. The result, so far as Armenia was concerned, was so to cut her off from the source of all cereal supplies that, had it not been for the prompt aid brought by the United States, starvation must have wiped out half the Armenian refugees from Turkey in a single year, and set the Armenians, and the Tartars of Azerbaidjan, never too friendly, to fighting savagely for their very bread.

General Milne, in formally seizing the port of Batoum, was equally frank. His proclamation reads:

> As the Batoum District is now occupied by British troops, I have instituted a military Government and appointed a Military Governor. . . . The Military Governor will make whatever executive or legislative regulations he deems requisite. . . . Any person attempting to commit or committing any act inimical to the interests of the British occupation force or to any representative of the British military authorities, or any damage to railways, bridges, telegraphs, telephones, military stores, aqueducts, etc., to whomsoever the same may belong, or attempting any insubordination to the provisions of this Proclamation, will be subject to both civil and martial law, and will be punished by death or any lesser penalty, according to the nature of the offense committed or attempted.
>
> G. F. MILNE
> Commander in Chief of the
> British Black Sea Forces.

In pursuance of this, Brigadier General V. J. Cook-Collis, the Military Governor of Batoum, proclaimed that "the authority and powers vested in the Batoum Douma by law are no longer in force" and centered all authority in a special council of British officers and prominent citizens chosen by the British Military Governor. The port was declared closed to all "except those who are bearers of passes from British Headquarters in Constantinople or from the General Commanding the British troups in the Caucasus."

Denikin issued an order prohibiting "Russian commercial ships entering Black Sea ports on the Caucasus shore" as well as "the export of food supplies from Batoum or foreign ports on the Black Sea without special permission." A similar order closed Baku to all Caspian trade.

Not only Armenia, but all Transcaucasia was thus as completely blockaded as Soviet Russia itself—and unhappily the fields of Russian Armenia, over which armies had passed since 1914, were incapable of supplying even the local population. The presence of over half a million refugees without resources of any kind rendered the situation thus created desperate indeed. A British control of the Transcaucasian railway system under General Brough assured the employment of a considerable portion of the scanty rolling stock available in the supply of British troops and Denikin's Caspian and the Allied Black Sea fleets, despite the urgent food requirements of Armenia.

It was under these circumstances of Allied indif-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ference if not hostility, not only to the political claims of Armenia, but to the very existence of some 800,000 destitute Armenians, men, women and children, local inhabitants as well as refugees, that the United States undertook the organization on an adequate scale of the relief work which alone has saved a large part of the remaining Armenian population from destruction. The previous field organization in the Caucasus of the American Committee for Relief in the Near East was wholly inadequate to the colossal demand created and rendered increasingly insistent by the policy followed by the Allied Powers in respect of Transcaucasia.

On August 6, 1919, Mr. Hoover suggested to the President that a mission of United States army officers, experienced in service of supply work, be sent to Russian Armenia to organize the relief work on the large lines the situation demanded. This was done. An American corporation, the Near East Relief, was formed to assume the direction of the work.

It is worthy of remark that neither the Denikin forces operating north of the Caucasus, nor the Allied Powers controlling Batoum, Baku and the transportation system of Transcaucasia, fed or helped to feed any of the population of this country whose future fate had been determined between them. It was the people of the United States who, without mandate, protectorate or any other form of disguised exploitation, saved the Caucasus from starvation and enabled the Armenians to hold out a little longer, waiting the fulfillment of the promises of independence so freely made them by the statesmen of Europe during the war. This was the situation when Mr. Lloyd George informed Parliament last December that the delay in settling the Near Eastern question had been due to waiting "until America declared, or until it became clear that she would not declare herself prepared to take her share."

It is precisely in this feature, namely the delay of the Peace Conference in settling the Near Eastern question, that yet another phase of the Armenian problem comes to light. As the day of reckoning with the great Moslem empire has drawn near, a strange shifting of ground, a certain reluctance to take responsibility has become evident in the attitude of the Allied Powers towards Turkey. During the war not a little frankness marked the statements of public men in Europe as to what would happen to the Ottoman Empire in the event of Allied victory. The work of undermining the power of Islam seated in Constantinople was even begun during the war, and the erection of the artificial kingdom of the Hedjaz was one of the means employed to that end. In the execution of this policy the United States was neither consulted nor kept advised; it was assumed that, as the United States was not formally at war with the Ottoman Empire, dispositions touching the future of Mohammedanism in the Near East were without the province of America.

With the opening of peace negotiations, however, this attitude began to undergo a subtle change. A purpose on the part of England, France and Italy to involve the United States in any settlement affecting the great Moslem empire became apparent. It was clear to European statesmen that could the United States be associated in any terms to be dictated to Turkey, some if not all the inevitable dissatisfaction among the Mussulmans of the world could be directed at the United States, and France, Britain and Italy thus evade a measure of the consequent reaction. As the United States was not directly concerned in peace terms with Turkey, some other method had to be found to bring America publicly to the fore as a factor in the Near East situation. Otherwise it would be impossible to fix any of the responsibility for the measures planned against Islam upon the United States.

The method was not far to seek. American sympathy with the Armenians is well known to be keen and widespread. By cultivating this sympathy in behalf of American participation in the final disposition to be made of the great, central Mohammedan Power, the United States could be made to bear in the eyes of the Moslem subjects of Britain, France and Italy—and more especially of the former two—a large part of the odium of whatever decision might be taken by the Peace Conference in respect of the future of Islam. It was with this in view that in European circles a great deal began suddenly to be heard of the possibility of America taking a mandate for Armenia, for Constantinople, even for the whole of Asia Minor. While the great majority of the people of the United States knew little of the matter and were quite indifferent to the prospect, all Europe and the Near East were profoundly stirred over it. And whenever interest in the American attitude appeared to wane, an article in some British or French newspaper or at need a statement by some Allied official, would flog the interest into life again, and being judiciously spread to the press of the Near East, kept constantly before the Mohammedan world the importance of the United States as a deciding factor in the fate of the Ottoman Empire, and of Islam.

To any one who has been in the Near East during the past year this manoeuvre has been transparent. It is not, I think, especially to be criticized. As international politics go, it was an astute bit of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

buck-passing calculated to save the two largest Mohammedan Powers of western Europe considerable embarrassment and possibly a certain danger to the security of their Moslem holdings. Had we in the United States been clearly aware of the nature of the game we were invited to play, it might have served our ingenuous altruistic purposes quite as much to play it on those lines as on any other. It would then be a matter for the people of the United States to decide, with full knowledge of the facts.

The matter has not, however, been presented to us in that light, and we have not been and are not now in full possession of the facts. What efforts have been made to convince us that a duty is incumbent on us in the Near East have been made through an appeal to our national sentimentality and to the Christian missionary spirit which is undoubtedly a large influence in our national life. It has been put to us that our "share in this great task of civilization" is to save the Christian Armenians. Nothing whatever is said of the fact that they are few in number, inhabit a comparatively poor land wholly undeveloped, in which everything has been destroyed down to the very houses and roads, and are not only without resources but head over ears in the debt of two and a half years' struggle for existence in the face of Allied indifference.

Nor is the corollary to this proposal made clear, namely, that while the United States is to take full political and financial responsibility for the Christian Armenians, our Allies, thus relieved of any suspicion of harshness towards Islam, are to fall heir to an exclusive profit in the exploitation of the Mohammedan lands of the Near East, where the population and consequently the markets are immense, the country incredibly rich and already producing, and gold still common currency. In a word, America's "share in this great task of civilization" would seem to be to bear the unpopularity among the Mussulmans the world over consequent upon the curtailing or abolition of the Mohammedan authority in Turkey, with little but drain on America's resources for her pains; while our European Allies were to reap the political and commercial benefits of an outward policy of friendship for the Moslems.

None of this would have been as evident as it is today in the Near East had the Peace Treaty been promptly ratified and the United States assumed without further ado a mandate for Armenia. We should have appreciated the situation too late if indeed at all. The League of Nations would have served as the cloak under cover of which whatever popular blame might have attached to the Allied and Associated Powers in the Mohammedan world could have been deftly laid at the door of the United States. Our standing in the Near East would have suffered and our field of commercial enterprise been greatly limited; and we should probably never have discovered why. Our very purpose to be of maximum aid to the Armenians would have been thwarted by the false position in which we should have found ourselves.

Fortunately, with the delay in ratifying the Peace Treaty, little incidents in the Near East began gradually to reveal at least the framework of this characteristic bit of European diplomacy. Two elements prevented our interested Allies from playing the waiting game too long: The financial situation in western Europe called imperiously for an immediate opening of commercial relations with any country having the money to pay for purchases, and the earliest possible exploitation of every available market. Second, increasing restlessness among the Moslem subjects of Britain and France slowly forced a declaration of the position of these two great Mohammedan Powers towards Islam.

Italy, financially more embarrassed than either France or England, scarcely attempted to veil her purpose of exploiting the Near East to the utmost. Landing troops in the Tekkeh district and on the mainland of Asia Minor opposite Rhodes, she began the business of land-grabbing at once. An Italian "military" mission to the Caucasus, one of the uniformed members of which was agent of the Allgemeine Elektrische Gesellschaft before the war, opened for any business from the obtaining of mining concessions to the sale of shoes captured from the Austrians, the supplying of arms and ammunitions to the Turks with whom they were still officially at war, or the import as diplomatic baggage of ladies' silk stockings for the Caucasus trade—manufactured in the United States!

England was scarcely less precipitate in reaching her Persian arrangement and closing the Persian seven per cent loan agreement of August 9, 1919. The French flooded Constantinople with French products until early in January of this year a panic resulted. Local merchants were unable to dispose of or pay for the immense stocks of luxuries with which French exporters had glutted the markets of an enemy country.

Politically, the Islamic tendencies of Britain and France were slower to be remarked. In January, 1919, the British sent troops to the old Russo-Persian frontier where the Moslem Tartars were then fighting the Armenians for possession of the fertile valley of the Araxes and the rich mineral district of the Karabakh, to the north. The first week in April, the British Commanding General, without consulting either American or French representatives in the Caucasus, arbitrarily fixed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

certain boundaries for Armenia and put military pressure on the Armenian government to force it to accept these frontiers. Many of his own officers, better acquainted with the local situation than General Thomson, disapproved this deprivation of Armenia of a territory inhabited by 400,000 Armenians.

The appointment of the natorious Kurd leader, Dr. Sultanov, a Mohammedan, as Governor General of the Karabakh district—then inhabited and actually held by 239,043 Armenians as against 143,285 Mussulmans—was regarded by those on the ground as an incitement to bloodshed. When, finally, the British Command authorized Sultanov to starve the Karabakh Armenians into submission to Moslem rule, it was felt that the British had definitely espoused the Mohammedan cause against Armenia.

However, as a crowning act of the British occupation, in June some 30,000 Armenian refugees were ordered by the British military authorities to take up land in the Araxes valley, then under Tartar control. Within a month thereafter, the British troops were withdrawn from Armenia, and these unhappy refugees were left to their fate.

Quite as had been foreseen, scarcely had the British withdrawal from all the Caucasus [save the Black Sea port of Batoum] been completed, than hostilities broke out in the Karabakh between the Mohammedan Tartars of Azerbaidjan, aided by Turks, and the Armenians, still stubbornly defending their mountain fastness in Zanguezour. Colonel James C. Rhea, Acting Allied High Commissioner, and the American representative in Armenia at the time, intervened to halt the fighting. The Special British Commissioner, Mr. Oliver Wardrop, hastened to associate himself with the American representative in the intervention. But he said quite frankly that he did so lest the truculence of the Moslems of Azerbaidjan "spoil things for Azerbaidjan with the Peace Conference." Politically, the British policy towards Armenia, not in London or Paris, but in Armenia, was calculated to solidify the position of the Mohammedan Tartars of Azerbaidjan, at the expense of the Armenians, before the United States could put a mandate for Armenia into execution. The success of this policy would have meant—and means still—British control of Baku, Armenia's only door upon the Caspian.

Similarly, on the Black Sea side of the Caucasus, no sooner had British control of Batoum been proclaimed than the British military authorities set about the organization of the Mohammedan Adjars of the Batoum district, with a view to inducing them to claim independence from Georgia, under a British protectorate. Should it succeed, this manoeuvre will mean permanent British control of the only door upon the Black Sea that Armenia has.

Meanwhile the French, equally impatient, have already begun to close in upon the field of Armenia's claims to the west. Deaf to warnings that the Turkish Nationalist forces are considerable and determined to defend Anatolia to the last, the French have rushed a wholly inadequate force into Cilicia and Sivas, as in 1915 they landed a wholly inadequate force at Saloniki, and rushed it into Serbia. As in 1915, the Serbians paid with their lives the precipitation of the French; so now the Armenians, of whom the French have induced 60,000 to accompany the French army of occupation, will pay with their lives and with their hope of a future Armenia in western Asia Minor the imperialism of the French. For Adana was to have been Armenia's outlet on the Mediterranean and Sivas is one of the six Armenian vilayets in which, before the deportations of 1915, the Armenian population was 165,000 against 112,000 Turks.

Thus little by little Armenia is being hemmed in by the increasing spheres of exploitation of the Allied Powers—cut off from the sea, reduced to a barren plateau surrounded by hostile Mussulmans who, defeated in war, are still somehow more effectively the gainers than those Armenians to whom so much has been and still is being promised. It is while this subtle process has been going on secretly that the British Prime Minister makes the following statement:

> Until America declared or until it became clear that she would not declare herself prepared to take her share, any attempt to precipitate a decision would have led to a misunderstanding with America. That is why we could not make peace with Turkey earlier. We are in a better position now.

There is something touchingly disingenuous about this statement made shortly after the Franco-British understanding as to the partition of the Ottoman Empire had been reached—an understanding in which Armenia played no part.

> As for the assurances given by the British Government with regard to this martyred people [Armenia], I can guarantee the House that they remain unchanged. All the Allies are in accord with us on this point, and we can affirm that the Entente Powers within a few weeks are going to settle the Turkish question in a manner satisfactory to the victims of Turkish oppression.

Thus Lord Curzon, early in January. It is difficult to reconcile this with anything in the activities of the Allies with respect to Armenia during the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

past year: the reactionary element in Russia encouraged in its pretentions to the reintegration of Russian Armenia in the Russian Empire; France in possession of Armenia's promised outlet on the Mediterranean, Adana, Cilicia and the Armenian vilayet of Sivas; England holding Armenia's Black Sea and Caspian Sea gates and controlling the very highways that link Armenia to the rest of the world; the Araxes valley and the mineral wealth of the Karabakh mountains in the hands of the nomad Moslems of Azerbaidjan, place-holders for Britons to come. And not one jot of this would have altered had the United States accepted at once the responsibility of a mandate for Armenia. For has it not been going on while, according to Mr. Lloyd George, the Allies have been awaiting America's decision?

The role in the Near East for which the United States has been cast by our Allies has been the ungrateful one of "come on." That is of little consequence, since it has not succeeded. But the tragedy in the business is Armenia's. How much more Armenia has actually earned freedom and aid to stand alone than Poland or Czecho-Slovakia, or even Greece! But Armenia is out of the limelight of western European politics and a British censor still sits in Constantinople controlling the news from Asia Minor and the Caucasus. In all this maze of sordid, warring interests that have engulfed the young republic, there has been but one altruistic factor—the money, the food and the work of the Americans who have saved the Armenian people from extermination.

Or are the Armenians saved from extermination? Will not the last decision of the Peace Conference be, perhaps, the erection of an Armenia so circumscribed, so beset by enemies, so mortgaged to the exploiters of Europe, as to be but a sardonic betrayal of this people that has waited so many centuries its hour of fulfillment?

PAXTON HIBBEN.

To And Fro About the City

Shakespeare is dust, and will not come
To question from his Avon tomb,
And Socrates and Shelley keep
An Attic and Italian sleep.

They will not see us, nor again
Shall indignation light the brain
Where Lincoln on his woodland height
Tells out the spring and winter night.

They see not. But, O Christians, who
Throng Holborn and Fifth Avenue,
May you not meet, in spite of death,
A traveller from Nazareth?

JOHN DRINKWATER.

Over the Washtub

SCRUBBING is good exercise. For a sedentary worker like me, nothing could be more salutary than an hour of this bending of the back, clenching of the fists, and vigorous and repeated expansion and contraction of various muscles of the arms and shoulders. Stoking a furnace is the only activity to compare with it. But there all one's efforts go up in smoke, while here at the tub one has something to show for the rubbing. I find myself much elated at the whitened appearance of a pair of little stockings which, but a minute since, were brown from repeated contacts with dusty floors and dirty sidewalks. Nevertheless I must glance furtively over my right shoulder now and then. For if some student of mine should come strolling into our cellar and find me here, the days of my usefulness to the Board of Trustees would be at an end. *What!* a professor so lower his dignity as to permit himself to be caught in the act of washing baby-clothes? Irremediable fault! And then we should have to move again, with consequent bruises to our precious davenport.

It is necessary for me to preserve a dignified posture even here. Although the great apron swathes me as if I were the pseudo-woman of a vaudeville rube act, yet I hold my head high and distend my nostrils like a racehorse, for such is my invariable pose. Every professor, if he is to be conventionally successful, must actually believe himself to be a person of some importance, and there is nothing like a contemptuous bearing to help him to accomplish that desirable self-deceit. Inevitably, however, he is struck with the contrast between his proud manner and his actual insignificance. Thus might my thoughts in this tidy little laundry become cynical. I might ponder upon the shame and disappointments of the American higher education. Only my animal optimism prevents me from becoming a typical modern philosopher, tearing down all and building up nothing. The fact is that I sympathize rather with the redactor than with the original author of the book of Ecclesiastes. I prefer to magnify rather than to minimize the value of any work that I may do, though it be nothing but laundering diapers.

Like Spartacus, whose nervous energy would have made him a good washerwoman, I can comfort myself with the thought that I was not always thus. In truth, I never before was as well off as I am now. Three years ago I declared that I would live anywhere and do anything for a yearly wage of eighteen hundred dollars. Now I have my eighteen hundred. Three years ago I envied colleagues of mine, fellow-instructors at twelve hundred dol-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lars a year, who had two children apiece. Now I am happy with my one blessed baby, for whose comfort and refinement I rub strong soap (thus, and thus) into my smarting knuckles.

It is true that I might think miserable thoughts over the difficulties of my situation. In the first six months of this year, we have had to borrow one hundred dollars to pay our necessary expenses. And my wife, whose good appearance is one of the principal bolsters of my pride, has to remodel her old clothes till there are seamstresses' callouses on all her fingers. I have had no winter suit this year; instead I have worn various garments that, alas! "don't match." My overcoat is four or five times as old as the baby. Our consolation is that we have become no more deeply indebted. We know professors' families who are still struggling under burdens of vast "college debts," sometimes to the unimaginable sum of a thousand dollars. We might find excuse for pessimism in our relations with our landlord. We have lived in his new apartment house for five months, and the last of the electrical fixtures are not yet in place. On the other hand, our master has announced that an advance of a little matter of three dollars a month in our rent will begin next month! When I think of him, I scrub so viciously that I seem likely to dig a hole in the washboard.

Well, he is a Methodist. At any rate he sings in the Methodist choir. Perhaps he hasn't forgiven me for a story I once told him. I asked a student in a "down East" college who John the Baptist was. When the boy unblushingly declared his ignorance, I expressed disgusted astonishment. Whereupon he whispered loudly to his nearest neighbor, "I don't have to know that; I'm a Methodist." I can hear him now; the squeaking of his voice resembled the creaking of this clothes-wringer.

This turning of the crank of the wringing-machine is the worst part of the whole damp job. But then, I have nothing to be peevish about. Here is my pleasant home; here is my pleasant family. We all are healthy, except for influenza now and then. We have good social position. That is important; indeed, that is why we have to wash so much.

And on the whole, all our difficulties, even the excessive amount of washing, are worth the while. I like to be called "Professor." I enjoy being respected. I love books and human nature. In no kind of work other than teaching could I combine both interests. Years ago, when I was a schoolboy, I used to dream of a career of authorship. That dream is dead. A mate with a sharp tongue once said to me, "Dick, you have published one thing each year ever since I first knew you. I hope you'll continue at the same rate." He has his wish. I have tried my hand at most kinds of writing, except the novel. At none have I succeeded. Therefore I remain in a college as a teacher of the art and science of writing. Here I have at least the reputation of an author. Have I not published essays and poems and stories? Yes, truly enough,—two of each.

The principal reason, then, for my remaining in the ill-paid profession of my choice is that I know nothing else that I could do with equal satisfaction.

I am underpaid, like most other good Christians. I should smell brimstone if I discovered myself overpaid. Therefore, why should I grumble? I have plenty of enjoyable things to think about as I hang up these baby-clothes. When I have pinned the last nightgown to the line, I can go back to the stack of blue-books from yesterday's quizzes. And probably I shall find other gems to compare with the sententious remark of little Miss B. that Tom Jones was "suspectible to the charms of women." To be sure, I can hope never again to see such poetry as this last year's bit of Shakespeare:

"The poets sigh, in a fine frenzy rolling."

But I often chance upon amusing truisms such as this:

"Alexander Hamilton's political career was blighted by the results of his duel with Aaron Burr."

Of course, there is also my interest in scholarly research. Undeniably my research work, like that of most other writers of learned articles, whether at Harvard or De Ruyter Academy, is partly empty pretense. American scholarship is just another national game. We pretend to have a perfect assortment of facts, but when it comes to a showdown we are overjoyed to be able to display a modicum more of erudition than the next man. Black is typical: He wanted to know whether there were any analogues in Paradise Lost for a certain situation common enough in the medieval German epics in which he was especially interested; so he came and asked me, because he had heard that I had read Paradise Lost. Obedient to the accepted ethical standards of scholars, I told him, though he might better have consulted a Milton Concordance. Indeed, I am fond of research. Even now, as I splash the cold water around and around in the tub that I am rinsing, I am debating mighty questions with regard to my next article.

"Yes, my dear, I'm all through now. I'll come right up and help you with the breakfast dishes."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Irreconcilables

HISTORIAN, whoever you may be, sinking your shaft through these gone days, you will have only one name and title for the fourteen Americans who, in the north end of the Capitol, stood and stopped the world. They were, they are, they will be, The Irreconcilables.

They stopped the world, they impeded it, they delayed it, till—what will you say? Till the cage which had been built for the world had been shattered—till the bars of the cage had split—till the cage was a ruin.

Thus America entered into the heritage of Britain. Britain, so provincial, so selfish, so moral and hypocritical, destroyed the effort of the Holy Alliance after the Napoleonic War, to establish a peace of the world in the service of hereditary monarchical right. America, so provincial, so selfish, so moral and hypocritical, went and destroyed the effort of the League of Nations after the German War, to establish a peace of the world in the service of established investments, established debts, established boundaries, established spheres of influence, established conquests and subjugations and mandates, established machine-guns, established moneys.

Britain, in the moment after Napoleon, was not hostile to monarchs. America, in the moment after William of Hohenzollern, was not hostile to moneys. Nevertheless it was the destiny of Britain to explode the predatory pacifism of monarchs, and the destiny of America to explode the predatory pacifism of moneys. There remains the pacifism of men. There remains the peace of the world that passes the understanding of monarchs and of moneys. There remains the peace of free cooperation between free governments of peoples free of all masters.

Note, O historian, for the mere marking of a prophecy, note the Resolution introduced into the United States Senate on February 26th by the implacable Irreconcilable Joseph Irwin France of Maryland. It directs the President to summon the nations of the world to an assembly at Washington for the purpose of establishing a "Concert of Nations" which shall hold "International Conferences"—on what themes? On themes which from the moment of their first statement look not toward peace by force but toward peace by freedom.

The "International Conferences" shall endeavor, for example, "to proceed with all possible means and speed to conciliate the people of Russia, China, India, Afghanistan, the Central Powers and Turkey, in order that these nations or countries may not form against the western Powers a hostile coalition which might menace the peace of the world." The "International Conferences" shall endeavor, for example, "to devise methods for the advancement of the peoples of colonies, protectorates, or dependencies from the status of dependence to that of independence and to full participation in the International Conferences."

Monarchs and moneys start on a better life by sanctifying all vested and invested establishments. Men start on a better life by conversions.

And note, O learned sir, with your little hammer and microscope, cracking and revealing the personal puzzles of our time—note, that among the Irreconcilables, Conservative and Progressive, Tory and Liberal, there were two who in a certain incident were prophets of the union which subsequently bound all Irreconcilables together out of all their diversities into one little group of solidly wilful men.

These two Senators, in the midst of the war against Germany, voted against the Espionage law. In the midst of the war against Germany they believed—and voted—that the war did not justify the depth of the attack made by the Espionage law on American human and constitutional liberty.

One of these two Senators was the Senate's completest philosophical Liberal, its most modernistic accepter of all Liberalism's currents, sources, tributaries, and outlets. The other was the Senate's most perfect exemplar of the Americanism of the days of the fathers—the days of citizens escaped from the political meddlesomeness and from the economic meddlesomeness of benevolent and coercive governments.

One of these two Senators was France of Maryland. The other was Sherman of Illinois. They found themselves together against the Espionage law. They found themselves together against the League of Nations and the Treaty.

But against the Espionage law there were more than two Senators. There were six. In that first vote against that first wedge of prying and spying and trying for opinion, there were six Senators. Six Senators said an absolute "No." You will need their names, O digger of names to be saved, when you are writing about liberty and the League of Nations. Those six Senators were: Borah,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

France, Gronna, La Follette, Sherman, Vardaman.

Vardaman, in 1919 and 1920, was in the Senate no more. The remaining five, in 1919 and 1920, were all of them Irreconcilables.

Put down your microscope, my dear sir, and poise your pen, and ponder! Whom would you trust in judgment of liberty for the world? A President who wanted and who signed and who executed a law for the punishment of pure opinion, unaccompanied by overt act, and who for years kept fellow-citizens in jail for an opinion which he himself once held? Or Senators who tried to stop him and who dared the howlings of all the home-hounds and lap-dogs of war in the trial?

And when you resume your microscope do not forget—just for the sake of your studies in human temperament, do not forget—to note one other little cross-section in the temperament of the Irreconcilables.

In the Senate in 1919 and in 1920 there were three men who had been Irreconcilables in 1912. In 1912 they had utterly and without reservations defied the decision of the Republican National Convention. Against the lower end of Manhattan Island they had held for Oyster Bay. Against the sanctifying and stand-patting of judicial decisions and of the whole herd of sacred cows they had stood with Roosevelt. In 1919 and in 1920 they stood in the Senate—three scarred survivors of the stricken field of Osawatomie—and surely you will be amused to note that having written their names once against Taft and Wilson in the United States, they wrote them once again against Taft and Wilson in the world.

Yours Irreconcilably,—Johnson, McCormick, Poindexter.

Johnson, I will remind your historical omniscience, was in the left wing of Rooseveltian Progressivism, McCormick in the center, Poindexter at the right—and later at the shoot-'em-at-peep-o'-day and bathe-'em-in-buckets-of-blood right. Yet I suggest to you that thinking what they thought about the Old Guard at Chicago, they thought what they thought about the Supreme Inner Five, the Quintessence of Guardianship and of a World of Wards, at Paris.

You will have noticed a lot of loose sand, flying in your eyes in the course of your explorations to tell you that these Progressives, these Reactionaries, these Irreconcilables were "politicians," were playing "politics," were pandering to prejudice. Now you will, indeed, need your microscope. Fix your eye to it. Slip a slide into it of a culture of the newspaper editorials, the public speeches, the personal letters, the conversational demands, from the several states from which these Irreconcilables were bound in time to seek their reelections. Study that slide.

Do you get a new and strange conception of the word "politics"? Politics, if these men behaved politically, is to breast the current, to take the waves in your face, to swim a water-fall upward.

I will tell you confidentially, my friend of the dead to come, that I stood in a moment of life beside the Junior Senator from Illinois while he received the first rain of responses from Illinois to his thunders against the Treaty. It was a rain that was a deluge of denouncement. And I heard his friends from Chicago saying in Washington, "All his friends are against him." And then he added lightnings to his thunders against the Treaty.

I have told you he was of the center. But if I hear anybody say that he was of the center and only of the certainty of the passing present, I will say that at the highest instant of decision in his day I saw McCormick take no account of the present and stake his life on the true turn of the future.

Who told the future and the truth that would some day make the future to the American electorate?

Did Knox, first among American statesmen, put his finger on the Treaty's unworkability? Did La Follette, with his customary love of charts, diagrams, tables, and maps, show graphically the discrepancy between the Treaty and Social Justice? Did Johnson join him in perceiving and proclaiming this Treaty to be the underwriting of a Trust, a Good Trust, for the virtuous restraining of the trade-winds of eternity which blow empires where they list? Did Norris break the wind-shield for Japan set up in the proposed American acceptance of Japan in Shantung? Did these men, and Moses and Fernald and Gronna and the rest, begin to make the American people wonder if the road to repentance was indeed through underwriting all the sins of all the other peoples of the world in addition to our own? Better then, perhaps, they thought, the road of independence

True was the instinct—was it not?—was it?—you must say—which moved Borah and Reed and Poindexter when in the dawn of the discussion of Covenant and Treaty they assumed an American destiny for America and refused to entangle it in even the danger of a joint destiny with Britain and France, today's Britain, today's France?

Of course, I will whisper to you, if your ear should ever bend over the murmurs of this emptied shell, that some people thought that some Irreconcilables were a little bit too confident of the moral difference between a nation which holds Haiti and Santo Domingo as wards by force and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the nations which hold Egypt and Algiers as wards by force. But—I appeal to you—was there any ineffable moral difference between the Britain of Castlereagh and the Austria of Metternich? Yet was it not well for the world and for the blowing of the winds of change about it that Britain should at least think that a difference might be?

It was not a difference of fact in 1920 between imperialistic Britain and imperialistic America. It was a difference of dream.

It was a difference of dream clutching at even men not dreamers—even as was the case in the Britain of George Canning.

Was George Canning the author of hymns of haughty hate against the principles of the French Revolution in his contributions to The Anti-Jacobin? Was he also the deliverer of South America from too much Spanish trade and from Spanish and French and Austrian and Prussian and Russian Holy Allied intervention against bloody South American revolutionists?

Conservatives in the United States Senate, by helping to delay our full final association with the gentlemen at Paris, made really certain the delivery of a self-determined Russia from the British and French Holy Allied intervention against bloody Russian Revolutionists. They ensured the salvation of the world from the terror and horror and rotting demoralization of the spectacle of Europe's greatest people become Europe's thrall.

I venture the theory that most conservatives, as well as all liberals, in the United States Senate, were personally quite unable to see why the United States should help to make and hold an assortment of thralldoms and enthralled boundaries for the benefit of the world in general. Is independence a low ideal? It is higher than a joint-tenancy of wrongs. If one must hunt wild nations, it is sportier to hunt alone.

Among the Irreconcilables, there were thirteen Republicans and one Democrat—Reed. But in the Democratic cloak-room there was more than one sympathizer—there were many—and I ask you to be sure to record it in some foot-note—there were in that cloak-room many sympathizers for the perpetuation of the independence of the United States in a world in which the only presented alternative was a concerted allocation of existing gains. Out of that cloak-room came one day a Democratic Senator, voting for the Treaty and saying to an Irreconcilable:

"I must. But you keep on. All of you. Keep on. Don't mind what they say. Stick at it. I'll tell you where you'll be. And I'm not saying too much. You'll be the preservers of the destiny of this country. You'll be along with the people who founded this country. Never mind what they say. Take your place. You'll have it."

Will they? In your books, will they? They will have it, if they do have it, with clean hands.

You must know—and I will tell you—that out of New York, out of high business places in New York, and out of high business places elsewhere, came messages, came pressures, written and spoken, direct and indirect, financial and political, urging, insistently urging, the acceptance of the Treaty. You must know—and I will tell you—that the pressures on the Senate for this Treaty from people who wanted to see the world pacified were as nothing in comparison with the pressures from the people who wanted to see the world stabilized. I would not have you make any distinctions of conscientiousness between the Senators who supported this Treaty and the Senators who opposed it. But you must set it down—not in a foot-note but in your largest print—that the business pressures on the Senate were not wickedly against the idealism of the League of Nations but second-thoughtedly, advisedly, firmly in favor of the League.

You will grant some admiration to liberal Senators for disregarding those pressures. But what will you say of conservative Senators who disregarded them? For conservative Senators they came from sources temperamentally congenial and friendly. Liberal Senators were called on to resist certain people with whom they might be willing to be on bad terms. Conservative Senators were called on, if they were Irreconcilables, to resist people with whom they were in a general sincere agreement of political thinking. They were called on to resist people whose cooperation with them in politics was generally natural—and much needed.

Therefore, O distant assayer of human metal, therefore you will place highest in proved courage the Senators who are commonly called Senators of business and who voted against business and the Treaty, who voted against Mr. Wilson's breed of tabby-cats and their own breed of tom-cats together, and you will say:

"I find that there was a Senator from the state of Connecticut whose name was Brandegee. He was never insulted when anybody called him a Conservative. I find that in some of the classic writings of his time he was called hard-boiled. Perhaps he suspected that there was a percentage of fluid idealism in the League. Perhaps he suspected that the bottle must contain a trace of the poison on the label. Perhaps he thought he discerned some Uplift in the League somewhere. His enemies thought so. But I should think that he must have been set at ease on that point when the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

healthiest financial and political elements in his region of life were so numerously asserting that they had sampled the liquid and that they felt even stronger than before and that every Senator ought to pour out a glassful and toss it down at once without any further nonsense. It must have satisfied his conservatism and his Republicanism, but it must have aroused something in him too. He seems to have been more violent against the Treaty afterwards than he had been previously. The more the forces of finance supported the Treaty, the more he opposed it. I can find only one explanation for his conduct. I can find only one explanation similarly for the conduct of Knox of Pennsylvania. With Brandegee and with Knox it made no difference that Murray Crane and all he means and Elihu Root and all he means were favoring and pressing adoption with reservations. Knox and Brandegee appealed from business and from the party and from the population and from everything else to their own consciences and to their own Senatorships and to the history of their country gone by and to be. They defied plutocracy, defied democracy, obeyed their oath of office, and perpetuated what they believed to be the nature and the mission of the United States of America. Their motive could only have been—it only was—the United States, a country above countrymen, an irreconcilable and irresponsible patriotism."

Thus must you write of them, O writer of history's turning-points, if you would write of the human motives of this point of great turning and determining.

You will end by commenting, as in the case of Britain after the Napoleonic War you have already commented, on the strangeness of the minglings of reaction and resurrection in the world.

Was there ever a reaction more stupid, more panicky, more hostile to freedom of thought and tongue and act than the reaction in Britain after Waterloo? Yet in the midst of that reaction the patriotism and the policy and the spacious instinct of Britain perpetuated variety and development in South America and in the world and frustrated an international reaction to a uniform system.

In America, after the Argonne, you will have noted a reaction fully as stupid, fully as panicky, fully as hostile to freedom of thought and tongue and act as the reaction in Britain under Castlereagh. Yet out of it you will mark the irreconcilable act of vital instinct by which again an international reaction to a uniform system was brought to frustration and the variety and development of new systems, as better than ours, perhaps, as ours are better than Metternich's, was internationally revived and assured.

You will have credited Britain's reviving and assuring act to Britain's executive rulers—rulers in full executive power. You will credit America's act to fourteen men who rejected the commitments of the executive power, along with the commandments of a headlong public, and by month after month of absolute veto and of resolute exposition destroyed the future of the Covenant of Paris throughout the world by fourteen lonely legislative negatives. Wild friends of the Covenant, mild friends of the Covenant, all friends of the Covenant, found themselves revolving around the rock of the irreconcilability of fourteen United States Senators—a rock from which every day new arguments against the Treaty were streaming to be staunched—till the moment of the Treaty's potency—and of the Covenant's concurrent potency—in the world was gone, buried, silted over with new landslides of new stirs of earth's peoples on the face of a planet not yet ready to wear the fixed features of Clemenceau's Iron Mask.

Who saved the world from the militarism Mr. Wilson saw at Paris and recognized from Washington? O historian, you will know their names. In whatever age you may live there will be somewhere in your books a little list, and you will ponder every name in it and will wonder what sort of man was behind the name, and I shall silently smile at the joke of the assemblage of those names by fate in any one list for any one vote on any one conviction, but you will sweatingly spade your way through the Congressional Record and will find a band of brothers in glory and will say:

"These were the Irreconcilables:

"Borah, Brandegee, Fernald, France, Gronna, Johnson, Knox, La Follette, McCormick, Moses, Norris, Poindexter, Reed, Sherman."

But may your industry, or the industry of some poor graduate student excavating in your employ, turn also these words up for you:

The Irreconcilables voted not under pressures but against pressures of all politics and of all powers. The Irreconcilables were irreconcilable.

WILLIAM HARD.

Gluck in New York

November fog sifts down to fill
  The yards and dim the brick of walls;
  The vine against my window-sill
  Stirs drily as its vesture falls.

Among the silent books, alone,
  Fleet Beauty's follower, I press
To find but, where her feet have shone,
  The beauty shaken from her dress.

An oboe brings faint notes of gold,
  Like petals dropping quietly,—
So sweet, so sober and so old,—
  'Eurydice, Eurydice!'

EDMUND WILSON, JR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reaction, Revolution, And What?

GERMAN revolutions come rarely, but when they do come political changes follow one after the other with kaleidoscopic rapidity. In the period of a week a royalist revival has been followed by a communist uprising, to be gradually replaced by a return of the moderate majority to power.

This second German revolution is in its broad lines a repetition and a continuation of the first: a struggle between the old order and the forces of liberalism, with alongside a constant and growing pressure from the masses for a complete social readjustment. The first revolution resulted in a purely political change in Germany. In this crisis, however, political questions are becoming more and more merged in larger social issues.

Several lessons can already be learned from the present upheaval in Germany. No radical change can longer be made in the government without consulting the wishes of the people. This is a positive gain won in the previous revolution which monarchists like Dr. Kapp, who imagined that nothing had been accomplished by the fall of the old regime, are now obliged to take into account.

The reactionaries also discovered that, while the people have but a very low opinion of the Ebert government and its accomplishments, they resent vigorously any effort made to saddle them again with the old system.

Of vital significance is the discovery that the masses have made for the first time of the power of the general strike. In the past the workers have not been conscious of enough community of interest to turn to the general strike. Most of them belonged to the prosperous Socialist Majority party and regarded strikes with much the same conservative disdain and anxiety as their employers. They were not inclined to risk their party funds on uncertain ventures. The Christian Socialists were of course organized to be kept aloof from any such general action.

But now that the war has reduced them all to the proletariat their attitude toward class action has considerably changed. The feeling of many is that they have nothing more to lose, and possibly something to gain by further adjustments between capital and labor.

The several attempts prior to this one at a general strike have failed, however, for want of a common organization. The labor unions and the Communists have been at loggerheads as competitors in the same market. The Communists, twice in January of this year, tried to call a strike. But they had not a broad enough platform to attract all the workers. The government, with the assistance of the railroad labor unions, blocked the move. Public opinion was indignant that the workmen should do anything which might increase the cost of living, or delay the return of their prisoners of war en route from France.

But this time Ebert begged them to strike. For twenty-four hours at least (this is the time limit Ebert set) it was their patriotic duty to join in smashing the reactionaries, or at least to remain idle, and the workmen found both tasks attractive. The opportunity was so unique, indeed, that they decided to prolong the strike and make a thorough job of it. At the same time that they were disposing of the Von Lüttwitz troops, they included such of the government forces as had been particularly offensive to them.

The royalist-militarist coup d'état now seems but an incident in the German revolution in relation to the bigger developments which have followed. It might be compared to the shot at Sarajevo. Their act belongs to the same class of bravado. German militarists have usually demonstrated an abundant technical knowledge, and an unbounded energy in their undertakings. But they have almost always fallen just short of success. They threw away both peace and victories in the course of the war by their failure to leave sufficient margin for the all important factor of human fallibility. They let their policy be governed by the immediate situation.

In this enterprise they have lived up to their tradition. Their scheme was undoubtedly carefully planned. The situation on paper was most favorable. Foreign powers were not likely to intervene. We, for the time being at least, were out of it. Great Britain was not inclined to increase liabilities on the Continent. France was embarrassed by a general strike at home and the demobilization of another class. The Poles, too, were occupied on their eastern frontiers.

The situation at home, too, seemed a favorable one. A good part of the army was behind the Conservatives. The Ebert government was never weaker. The people had been disappointed in all their hopes about the revolution, were completely disillusioned, and seemed ready enough for any change.

This estimate was fully confirmed in the first phase of the recent uprising. The impression one

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gathers is of two surprisingly weak governments disputing together for something which neither seemed to have in his power nor seemed strong enough to go out and take. They were very much like two small boys standing a distance apart and exchanging abuse, but hesitating to come closer together.

It is difficult to predict which way the revolution might have turned had it not been for a third factor, the general strike. Neither of the two governments had taken it sufficiently into account. Herr Ebert apparently declared it in a moment of fright when the first word came of the advance of the reactionaries on Berlin. In the past he had gone to every length to prevent it.

The strike spread to amazing proportions. It closed not only the factories, but also the public works, and, of capital importance, the railroads. There was bound to be disorder resulting from idleness and difficult living conditions. But the strike took on other aspects which made it alarming to the moderate and conservative classes. The Ebert group began to fear that it was a coincidence rather than common interest which explained the presence of workers on the barricades with the Ebert forces against the reactionaries. They became convinced of this when it was evident that even the labor leaders were losing control over their men. Many of the leaders agreed to stop the strike when Ebert requested and were ready to support the government in action against the Communists. But they found that their following was slipping out from under them and turning to the Communists.

It was then that Ebert discovered that in calling the strike to save his Cabinet from the militarists he had abdicated into the hands of the strikers. They, with the masses behind them, now became potential masters of the situation. Their action has undoubtedly dominated the course of events since then.

The issue was now no longer one between the von Kapp and the Ebert forces but between them, separate or combined on the one hand, and the masses on the other. Although Ebert issued his ultimatum to Dr. von Kapp it was not a decision in Stuttgart but the urgent advice of Herrn Daumig und Kohn, leaders respectively of the Independent Socialist and Communist parties which decided Dr. von Kapp to hasten his departure. After these gentlemen called he even decided to reject "withdrawal without condition" and demand an amnesty. Was it because he begrudged Herr Ebert this cheap, if temporary, satisfaction, or because he knew that the government would be negotiating the next day for the support of the very forces which had just attempted to crush it?

It is difficult to tell how close the understanding reached between the enemies of yesterday has been. The majority parties in power at least lost no time in coming to terms with the conservative parties on the promise of general elections in the near future. This bait is typical of the change in the attitude of the two groups toward each other and the people. It was less to satisfy the conservatives, who knew perfectly well that after their present fiasco they would be snowed under in any election in the near future, than to reach the hesitant followers in the general strike, who are looking for a possible pretext to avoid the violent methods now being used.

It is probable that the understanding between the government and the conservatives did not get much further than a military agreement to join forces against the common enemy. At the moment that the government was negotiating the termination of the general strike, the conservatives announced that they had no intention of entering the Cabinet at present and "preferred" to await the outcome of the general elections.

Another curious coincidence at this time were the rumors that Noske would tender his resignation owing to the feeling in the Cabinet that the Minister of War should at this time be a soldier. Noske is nothing if not that, by temperament and training if not by method. At this moment he and the reactionary officers had their heads together in Berlin planning the most effective way to deal with the strike and Noske with his usual frank brutality was declaring that they would stamp it out in the approved Prussian way.

The government could not fail to see that all this did not check the general strike but only spread it. They turned therefore to the Strike Committee for a way out. Here the strike leaders made a show of an apparent if not a real strength. In return for a promise to call off the strike they forced the Ebert government into an agreement which is a complete abdication. The Cabinet must immediately be revised to give full satisfaction to labor; the entire administrative system must be purged of the reactionaries who supported von Kapp and be "democratized." Noske and the insurgents in the army must go, and in their places workmen and teacher units be substituted.

But the labor leaders themselves have lost the effective control of the strike to the Communists. By instructing the men to go back to work they relieved the immediate crisis in Berlin but did not check the uprisings in western Germany. It is now evident that the effective leadership there has passed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the Spartacides and they propose to force an issue on their whole program.

The force of the German Communists is a real one. A year ago the revolution was made by the soldiers' and workmens' councils. But these names were new to most of the Germans who were members of the councils. They had adopted the Russian organization as the most convenient means of overthrowing the old regime but they were not familiar with the actual working of the system in practice.

Since then, however, the Germans have received the same intense education in communistic doctrines that they received in pure Marxism thirty years ago. They know something about conditions now in Russia and they also have profited by their own previous short experience and failure. The first tangible result of this propaganda was seen at the November convention of the Independent Socialist party which came out for the Third International, the communist system. Prior to this they had been astride the parliamentary system on the one hand, and the communist on the other.

The German workman, whatever his party convictions, still continues to be more interested in immediate gains than in distant ideals. The German, whether communist or not, has a national consciousness which inclines him secretly to despise the Russians for their want of orderliness and to fear them for their numbers.

It may however be doubted whether the Communists have sufficient experienced leadership. With the exception of Herr Daumig, the eloquent and violent orator of the Independent Socialist party, I know of none who have the combined qualities of statesmanship and mass control of a Lenin. There are many able popular leaders, it is true, of the stamp of Ledebour and Crispien but they do not stand out as men of large calibre. It is possible, therefore, that the strike movement disseminates its forces in misdirected effort.

So extensive are the concessions which the government has already made labor in the agreement of March 20th that it makes little difference what the outcome of the immediate military struggle will be. Not only did the agreement include the radical changes in the government mentioned above, but also a socialization program which will affect all industry, and land ownership, and put the effective control of the state in the hands of labor. The question, therefore, is no longer whether Germany will go backward or forward in social reforms, but whether these will take place over night from a violent overthrow of the government or as the result of compromises over a longer period of time.

SANFORD GRIFFITH.

That Sort of American

"MY dear Mr. H." the letter began and my eye fell to the bottom of the page to see what acquaintance was writing me. The name was that of an American author popularly known for his articles on the Great Outdoors—whom, however, I have never happened to meet. [How I dislike our modern habit of intimate address! Where is the protecting reserve of the old "My dear Sir"?] "Knowing you to be that sort of American who is a friend of General Wood," my confidential correspondent continued, "I am asking you to write me a few lines for publication stating why at this grave crisis of national affairs, etc., etc." I am not for General Wood. There is not a drop of blood in me that is not antagonistic to the militant general. Why should Mr. W. assume that I am "that sort of American" who believes in General Wood? Then I guessed the little riddle: I am the sort of American whose name and address, with ten or twenty thousand others, happen to be included in Who's Who, and we have all been circularized in the same intimate and confidential manner. But I am sure Mr. W. and General Wood's publicity committee have made a mistake. They should have taken the Blue Book, not Who's Who, for a list of "that sort of American who is a friend to General Wood's" candidacy.

A little while ago I was dining with some of the real friends of the General. It was a very good dinner, abundant, rich, succulent, and the wines were more than good and also abundant. It was a very pleasant house. As I looked over the cheerful dining room and across the glittering, flower spread table, at my host and hostess and fellow guests all comfortably ageing and fattening, I wondered how anything could evince so little change in this mutable world as this house, this circle of agreeable people. It was in each detail as I remembered twenty-five years back, to the pictures on the wall, to the silver and food and wine—even to the flowers and the ideas. The hurricane of the war, it seemed, had passed miraculously over this house and these people and had left as little mark as heat lightning on the horizon after a sultry summer day.

As we got on towards the salad the conversation, never animated, languished. The pretty Frenchwoman at my left was stuffing herself in speechless repletion. My host's lawyer brother, who had recently returned from a prolonged residence in England because of the double income tax, was growling about the democratic administration [twenty years ago his anathema was Roosevelt]. Our hostess, wearied by the vituperative croaking of the old lawyer, thought of a happy diversion:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Who is your Presidential candidate?" she asked the table in general, and continued with an endearing naiveté, "Of course I'm for General Wood. The country needs a strong man. Frankly I am an old woman, and I want to live out my life undisturbed, just as I am, without uncomfortable changes . . ."

I gazed thoughfully into my yellow wine and mentally calculated how much cellarage there might be in this ample double house, and how long it would last at the present rate of consumption, three dinner parties a week, four months in the season, etc. etc.

"I don't want *my* house burned up by a mob, and bombing and all that," she concluded with an appealing little quaver in her sweet voice. At the moment from the avenue nearby came a sharp report. The lady jumped.

"Nothing but gas in the muffler," I assured her, "this time."

"I know," she said with a little laugh. "But one feels so nervous these days."

General Wood was then engaged in "cleaning up Gary", which was to serve as Exhibit A in his record as Presidential candidate, and earning much praise from such people as these for his "strong" manner of settling industrial disputes and "putting down the Reds". They were all eager for Wood as for a savior and their reasons given in response to our hostess don't matter. Presently the ladies drifted away and the men gathered into a tighter circle about the table. The haggard old lawyer did not seem satisfied with the general approval of Wood. "Of course we are all for the General, anybody in this country who has got a stake is for him! He knows how to handle mobs, and that's what we shall have here before we are done, etc. etc. . . . . I don't care much for democracy anyhow. It's mob rule—that's what it is, just mob rule!"

"But—" I protested.

"What we want, what we've got to have in this country, is a strong man—some one not afraid to shoot!"

"A military dictator?" I suggested ironically.

"Just so!"

"Change the government by force?" I stuttered, aghast. "But that is se—di—tion, isn't it?"

He looked at me pityingly with the air of "What is a little sedition among friends?" and nodded,—"That is what it is coming to in this country, fast, and Wood is the man." . . . . So! . . . .

These were the days when the Attorney-General, jealous of General Wood's growing fame in the Gary affair, cribbed some of his law and order stuff, and launched the Red drives, whisking poor men out of their homes at night and putting them in jails incommunicado for saying less than my lawyer friend had just uttered between sips of an excellent champagne. It is ever thus: what is Law and Order on the Avenue becomes Sedition and Anarchy on the West side, a dozen blocks away! . . . .

No, I am not that sort of an American who believes in a military dictatorship for the United States. And so, I suppose, I cannot be counted among the friends of General Wood.

ROBERT HERRICK.

A COMMUNICATION

Will Mr. Hoover Do?

SIR: I teach in one of our universities. All—or nearly all—my colleagues of the culture factory are for Mr. Hoover for President. No fewer than five of them have handed me petitions to sign, some of which were passed around at faculty meetings and others at luncheons. I ask them why they are so enthusiastic, and they say, "Why, he did such a wonderful work in Europe." "I can't conceive that any one should be opposed to him," said my hostess with pencil and petition in hand. But since when has the ability to divide loaves and fishes been urged as a title to the Presidency? "No doubt he is efficient, as a food administrator and as a manager of men," I say, "but what I want to know is whether he will make a good President; will he measure up in wisdom to the biggest job in history, after the one which was not performed at Versailles?" No one can tell me. Most of my colleagues are impatient with such a viewpoint.

But there is an explanation of this enthusiasm among my brothers. They are an idealistic lot, really. They know as well as anybody, except the common people, how many disappointed hopes lie in the wrecks along the roadside of recent political history. And really there are no promising political personalities in the field today. Mr. Hoover represents the "White Hope" of my hopeful kindred in a dark world. They are anxious to grasp at a floating weed in a stream where even straws are scarce. But there is more than this to it. Mr. Hoover is one of our kind. To be sure he left the college halls in his youth, where he waited on tables, managed college activities, and bossed things generally, and went off to foreign parts to build railroads or something and became enormously rich, as a college professor cannot and should not be. But he came back to us and has settled down in his new "palace" in front of the college door, and now he devotes himself to boosting the salaries of impecunious pedagogues and to (or for the sake of) scotching Bolshevism. Shall we not show our gratitude

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and elect him President? It was no less than ourselves who hatched his boom, and we did a pretty good job, all things told.

But I do not listen to my brothers when I wish to catch the voices on the wind. Nor do I think the rest of the world does. Can this new Lochinvar from out the west carry off the fair maid? I do not believe so, and I do not believe so because the voices on the wind, which are the people's voices—blown from prairie and shop and stream and mountain—(and not from college halls and newspaper offices)—do not speak his name. He has not filled the souls of the people with longing. They do not know him. He speaks a strange language. He is not one of them. And now they will have none other than one of their kind. These days are not the old days. This, by the way, the politicians, who do not listen to the voices of the wind, cannot in the nature of things know until after next November, or, perhaps, next July.

There are several counts against him. I have said that he is not one of *them*. He is only one of *us*—by adoption. The people think that he is really one of another group still, a group which always lives in palaces, or something just as good. They do not understand his silence, or rather they think that they do understand it. It is not that they mistake it for haughtiness. They can take care of *that* sort of thing. They believe that it is something much more difficult to deal with—astuteness. Politicians are astute. And this is no day, they think, for weather vanes. And neither for those whose consciences do not permit them to lie to the people before election but which do allow them to betray the people after elections.

The farmers—if they are not also "people" in the sense used above (and they are)—are even more opposed. They are not merely suspicious. They are confirmed. Especially the farmers of the middle west, the farmers who raised the grain and fed the live stock with which we won the war and with which Mr. Hoover fed the starving. *They* know that they did not make such handsome profits as did the millers who ground their grain or the packers who stuck their hogs. They even claim that they made no profits at all. When they have paid twice or three times as much for their reapers and corn binders and their tractors and their fertilizer and their labor and all the other things which enter into their costs of production and then seek to figure profits they say they cannot find them. They are convinced that Mr. Hoover does not understand them, and there are many of them. Even as he did not acknowledge them in the days of their need will they not welcome him in the day of their suffrage.

And the laboring man—in factory, on railway and in mine—has not been convinced, at least not in Mr. Hoover's favor. He has not said much, but that little was not of a tone that fell like incense or sweet music upon the ears of labor. Engineers are not notable for their sympathies with those who toil with their hands. Mr. Hoover is an engineer. To labor, he is a little brother of the rich, a friend and brother of the capitalist class, nay one of them.

And, most formidable of all—in the first inning at least—is the hesitancy of the politicians. He is an irregular. He came into the fold without a due course of apprenticeship. His union card is a complimentary one. He may not be "on the square" after all. A "regular fellow" would be much safer, but he would do as a last resort, especially if at the right time he "passes the word." Will he pass the word? When the farmers and the city workers find the politicians lined up with him they will think that he has passed it.

"But, if not Hoover, then *whom* would you have?" say my brothers, all out of patience with my stupidity after my long argument. Only the voices of the wind can tell, and they are jumbled at present. But in them one can hear a number of names. Among those who wear the ribbon of Republicanism, we can discount the patriarchs from the east. The voices do not come from the east, nor does wisdom, at least popular wisdom, any more. We don't trust them. Mr. Taft, Lodge, Knox, Harding, Wood? "Oh, no!" Not at all. The chosen one must come from the west, or from the middle west, preferably from the middle west. The voices are insistent on that. But who? The eloquent Senator from the farthest rim, by the golden gate? Possibly. If he were only a farmer of the middle west we should bet on him—in spite of the mountainous opposition of the east. He is too remote and his greatest chance lies in the necessity of running him to defeat Hoover on the Democratic ticket, as a rival for the vote of the same state. And that state's vote isn't worth sacrificing too much for. The next President should be a farmer; after that he should be a real friend of the farmer, an honest-to-God friend of the farmer, of the kind that the farmer himself knows to be a friend.

That rules out Lowden. Lowden merely owns land—some thirty-odd thousand acres of it—he is not a friend of the farmer. Poindexter, Kellogg, Kenyon, Cummins? Hardly. Stranger things have happened, but the day of miracles is almost over. The voices of the wind are attuned to liberal music. Borah would do, but he is thoroughly American. He is not a farmer, but a friend of the farmer, and of labor, and of the American people. That is the sort of thing which makes enemies—implacable enemies—if carried too far, and it must be admitted that he has carried it pretty far. And, besides, he is from Idaho. Where is that? Henry Allen, then? What has labor to say? Also, from Emporia, is he not? Were you ever in Emporia? There remains but one whose name the voices of the wind now clearly utter. He is a farmer. Really he is, fresh from the furrow, scarce three dozen moons ago, and he is clever. His name is Frazier, and he has kept the ship of state in North Dakota off the rocks, even when all the storm gods blew out of the east and out of the south. And his tribe is legion, coming like the sands of the sea or the hordes of the east. But not he. The powers that be can swallow much, if they must, but not this man. No backwoodsman since 1860, and it cannot be done, at least not in 1920.

Can the Democrats do better? They might do worse—especially if they picked Mr. Palmer. But, then, they wont. And Mr. McAdoo? He will not do. Nor will they pick Mr. Wilson. Even the Democratic party can sometimes be counted upon to know when it has enough. And, besides, Mr. Bryan can do much toward educating the Democracy before midsummer. He has done it before. The secret he will pour into their unwilling ears is that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their hero must come from the west, rather from the middle west, for here is that great independent farmer and labor vote. It is the only significant independent vote left. Even laborer and farmer are not independent in the east. They read the Saturday Evening Post and the Country Gentleman, and goodness knows what else. Anyway, their minds are clouded. It is the middle western farmer-labor vote which has organized itself for action and will sell its favor only at the price of conquest—yes, conquest of the nomination—which will determine the next election. Yes, Mr. Bryan knows that, if nobody else knows it as yet. But they will know—in the Democratic party—for he will tell them and they will believe him. Then, will it be Mr. Bryan? No, emphatically no! He already has his jokes made up about his lost cause. He has spent twenty years in perfecting them. He really couldn't do it all over again. And besides, he is no more loved by some people than is Governor Frazier, albeit for different reasons. Hitchcock, then; or Houston? No, we insist, he must at least be a friend of the farmer. Then, why not the new Secretary of Agriculture—isn't his name Meredith? Stranger things have happened. Let us wait and see if the Hoover myth dies down. Possibly the Meredith myth may arise. Perhaps it will arise in the nick of time to be caught on the wing, or, not to mix metaphors, to be heard on the voices of the wind. It all depends. And much of *that* depends on whether Mr. Bryan can keep smiling and cudgeling and cudgeling and smiling through those long arduous convention days.

But in the meantime the voices of the wind may speak a clearer language. Even Mr. Hoover may lose his splendid isolation and become one of us; or of *them*. Or the Senator from the western rim may come into his own.

O. H. W.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Packers are Human

SIR: We have naturally been greatly interested in reading the article in the New Republic of February 18th, entitled Black Jack Propaganda, in which you describe our efforts to influence the patrons of the National Consumers' League, as pernicious, and in which you liken our methods in this case to "a black jack swung in the darkness".

Since you say that this instance "would at least bear explaining," we shall be glad to explain our views on this subject more fully.

In the first place, you may be sure that we have no desire to undermine or to destroy the effectiveness of the Consumers' League or of Mrs. Florence Kelley. If we have given the impression of trying to do so, we sincerely apologize to Mrs. Kelley and to all people who are interested in improving conditions of working people in the United States.

We have a profound respect for Mrs. Kelley and for the work that she and the Consumers' League have done. We are in hearty accord with the general aims of that organization, and wish that we might cooperate with it to help accomplish the purpose for which it has always stood. If you could realize the efforts that Swift & Company is making to improve relations with its employees and working conditions in its plants, you would appreciate that Swift & Company stands for the same principles that the Consumers' League has been working for for years.

On the other hand, we are absolutely sincere in our belief that such an organization as the Consumers' League jeopardizes its own effectiveness if it launches into campaigns in which it exhibits an unmistakable prejudice and disregard for facts. Perhaps we take attacks on our industry much too hard, but when Mrs. Kelley goes about the country drawing a vivid picture of the poor, starving children, and attributing their condition to the high prices of meat, for which she holds the packers responsible, we believe in taking every legitimate means to defend ourselves and our industry, and to try to counteract the prejudice and unrest that such accusations arouse. If there were any foundation whatever for this charge of Mrs. Kelley's, we should not blame her for coupling this agitation against the packing industry with her general activities for the betterment of human conditions; but, her charges are so obviously absurd and so easily refuted that we cannot help but think that she is doing her cause and the cause of the Consumers' League more harm than good.

We are sorry that you think we have used illegitimate methods by writing to the officials and patrons of the Consumers' League, asking them to consider whether they approve of the policy of the League. You neglected to state in your article that in the literature we sent out we reproduced Mrs. Kelley's views in full as well as our own replies.

There was nothing secret in our efforts, and we believe that we were only giving the "blow for blow" to which you refer in your article. We are not trying to "stop Mrs. Kelley's mouth" with respect to the good things for which she fights; but, frankly, we do hope that some day she will cease to refer to us as the starvers of the nation's children and cease to picture us as monopolists and monsters.

You may be interested to know that when Mrs. Kelley first began to attack the packing industry, we went direct to her, and tried to get her to take into consideration some of the incontrovertible facts about our industry. It is our policy to employ direct methods in meeting such attacks. We found that Mrs. Kelley's mind was closed and that she had definitely adopted a policy of open hostility. We naturally sought other means to combat the unwarranted statements made about us. The open correspondence between Mrs. Kelley and a representative of Swift & Company, which appeared in the Survey, was reprinted in pamphlet form, and sent out with the letter from which the New Republic quotes, to national and state officials of the Consumers' League. We followed the only course left to us to defend ourselves and our honor, and we fail to see wherein our course was illegitimate, or how the New Republic is justified in characterizing it as a "black jack swung in the darkness."

It so happens that we in the packing business are human beings just like other business men. We know that some day your publication will have too much respect for our industry to refer to us as monopolists (which classes us as law-breakers), to insinuate that we are trying to ruin newspapers, or that one of the chief necessities of life has fallen "under the control of a small group of men who are interested only in their own private enrichment". It so happens that we resent these attacks, and that we shall

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stand on our inalienable right to defend ourselves by every legitimate means to the best of our ability in the future.

We hope that your readers may have an opportunity to read this letter. LOUIS F. SWIFT.

Chicago, Illinois.

[We publish Mr. Swift's reply to our attack gladly. It meets our criterion of permissible and wholesome propaganda: an open reply to an open attack, blow for blow. It does not, we believe, make out a case for the legitimacy of the method employed by Mr. Swift in dealing with Mrs. Kelley and the Consumers' League. Mrs. Kelley had attacked the packing companies in the Survey; the representative of the companies had replied in the same publication; thus the readers of the Survey had both sides before them. Wherein lay the disadvantage of the packing companies, that they needed to go behind the scenes to the patrons of the Consumers' League and suggest pressure to keep Mrs. Kelley from presenting her side of the case? Her mind may be closed or open, her arguments may be valid or invalid; that has nothing to do with the question of method. Mrs. Kelley can affect public opinion only through media equally open to the packers also. If, as they assert, they have the better side of the argument, they have ground for resting content with that.

It may be unfair to press the implications of Mr. Swift's statement in the above letter: "We are not trying to stop Mrs. Kelley's mouth *with respect to the good things for which she fights.*" The implications would seem to constitute an admission that Mr. Swift believes in stopping mouths with respect to what he considers bad things. That is, of course, the point at issue.

The New Republic did not insinuate that the packers are trying to ruin newspapers. It mentioned such hypothetical tactics as merely an example of the propaganda of suppression, of which the appeal to the patrons of the Consumers' League appears to us another example. Considerations of brevity alone restrained us from enumerating other varieties of this genus of propaganda. If we had enumerated them it would not have been to insinuate that Mr. Swift practiced them, but to indicate where in our opinion Mr. Swift would have had to admit the necessity of drawing the line.

Neither did we insinuate that the packing companies are an unlawful monopoly. They may none the less possess monopolistic powers of control. Not all such powers are under the ban of the law. We have seen the packing companies grow steadily in size through the last two decades. We have seen them gaining control over a larger and larger proportion of the commercial meat supply. They are few, and their relations are prevailingly amicable. They are private enterprises, and what is the object of private enterprise, anywhere, but private enrichment? It may be that in spite of all this the packing companies possess no effective power of control which they could abuse. On this point much more light is needed. But we shall get no light until the attack and the defense can proceed freely, without the application of methods vitiated by repression.—The Editors.]

England's Burden

SIR: An alien in America, particularly if he be British, should not perhaps presume to have ideas, upon even such questions as the struggle for peace, but Mr. Simonds's letter of March 3rd contains statements and suggestions which seem to me most unjust. Even the worm will turn.

In the first place his distinction between the liberal party in Great Britain and liberal public opinion in America suggests, whatever his intention, the difference between purity and selfishness. In accordance with the time honored tradition the purity will of course be yours and the selfishness ours. It is difficult to see how British "liberal" proposals place the burden of sacrifice upon France and this country. There has been no suggestion that Britain should be forgiven her debts. For my part I would rather have left my somewhat uncomfortable bones in Flanders than live to see my country begging release from her just creditors, even if so loyal and affectionate a comrade in arms as America should be one of them! Mr. Keynes has urged not that Britain should be absolved but that there should be all round cancellation of war indebtedness. His grounds are not that Britain is hard hit and cannot pay, but that *no one* can pay without a levy of execution, a process which might wreck civilization but would not enrich the creditor. It is necessary to remember that though you are the sole creditor, Britain is not the sole debtor. When you squeeze us you squeeze Europe. It is true that squeezing is the lawful privilege of the creditor. The law allows it. America is entitled to her pound of flesh. But I venture to say that the operation of exacting it would be attended by the same difficulties that confronted Shylock. Apart from this, however, I do not see America in the role of Shylock. I see none of the characteristics of that gentleman in this country.

As to our complete commercial victory over Germany, I suppose this is a fact, but I fail to see the material advantage to Britain if she is faced at the end of an exhausting war, by an infinitely more powerful and skilful rival in commerce than Germany ever was. Mr. Simonds has forgotten that amazing creation of his own country, the American merchant marine. He has forgotten the present magnificence of the American dollar. He has lost sight of the consummate skill of the American salesman now in world wide operation. The fact is that whatever position Britain may have held in 1914, her status in the material world today gives place to America, and her loyal subjects are doomed to hard labor for life.

Finally a word about the German colonies. It was my privilege to take part in the operations against one of these territories, under the late General Botha. I have lived for many years in South and Central Africa, and have become intimately acquainted with the administration and commercial development of Southern African colonies. I say that no people, in the present condition of the world, can administer the German African territories so adequately, efficiently and justly as the neighbouring British South Africans. Further, all experience has shown that the administration and development of African territories require not only great financial strength but great powers of race endurance. So far from being an enrichment these mandates will prove a burden, a burden acceptable not by choice but of necessity. But how does the rest of the world fare with regard to these colonies? From China to Peru, the mercantile world may now enter and trade with them not only without hindrance, but in the certain knowledge that life and property will be secure and that commercial rights will be guarded by British justice. Anyone who has experienced, as I have, the sorrows of an alien merchant trading with the African Colonies of some of our gallant allies will appreciate the meaning of these

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

words. The truth is that while the British Commonwealth will bear the full burden of responsibility of government and development of these countries, American fabrics, American motor cars, American agricultural implements, carried in American argosies will yield a rich harvest to the genius of the American salesman. Your ships will return laden with the raw material which American capital has developed and purchased with a security of title second to none. It is indeed unjust that these mandates should be regarded as an imperial reward, when they are in fact a manifestation of public spirit of which the nations concerned may be justly proud. It is a pity that in the mischief making frame of mind, now fashionable, people can find nothing but evil in everything and everyone. The Old World is craving for human sympathy, not backbiting. Europe needs more than money, more even than food, the kindly word of encouragement, the cheery smile of the strong friend, the Big Brother, that Americans know so well to give. Do we look to you in vain?

ANGUS S. FLETCHER.

Boston, Massachusetts.

The Fall in Gold

SIR: In 1780 the State of Massachusetts Bay issued bonds payable "on or before March 1, 1784, with interest at six per cent per annum, both principal and interest to be paid in the then current money of said state in a greater or less sum according as 5 bushels of corn, 68 4/7 lbs. of beef, 10 lbs. of sheep's wool and 16 lbs. of sole leather shall then cost more or less than £130 current money at the then current prices of said articles."

Of course, at no time in the history of any colony, did their paper money depreciate so rapidly as our present gold standard money is now depreciating. Taking prices of 1896 as 100 we find, by using the figures of the Bureau of Labor statistics, that by 1914 prices had risen to 150 (that is gold had fallen to 66.7) and by September 1919, prices had risen to 334 or the gold dollar of 1919 is less than 30 cents compared with the purchasing value of the 1897 dollar. The improvement in the methods of extracting gold and the recent discoveries of great tracts of rich deposits of gold in western British Columbia lead us to think that the rise of prices (fall of gold) has just begun.

I entered the teaching profession about 1897 and have seen every advance in my nominal salary more than defeated by the fall in gold. I am nearing the age when I may retire, but the $1,000 a year promised me is apples of Sodom as I am to be paid in 30 cents dollars.

The Bureau of Labor bases its index numbers on 272 commodities. If our money were arranged as the Massachusetts money of 1780, an attempt on the part of the seller of one of these commodities to "profiteer" would injure each of the other 271 producers and tremendous forces would operate to check such profiteering.

HERBERT C. WHITAKER.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Hoover: President of Ireland

SIR: May I not have the assistance of the New Republic in urging the election of Mr. Herbert Hoover for President of Ireland. You know his qualifications. He has social vision and a thorough grasp of the international situation and has never had anything to do with the politics of Ireland.

A Sinn Fein friend of mine from Cork was enraged at the suggestion, but I pointed out to him that he had no good reasons for opposing it and that all intelligent persons favored it. He asked if Hoover was an Irishman. I told him that had nothing to do with the question, that Hoover knew intimately the needs of Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia and all the parts of Europe, and that Ireland's fate depended upon theirs. He asked me if Hoover was in favor of the Irish Republic. I told him Hoover was Progressive and that when he became President he would decide whether he was in favor of the Irish Republic. He protested that Ireland wanted an Irishman for President and that Hoover made an appeal for the election of Unionists along with Lloyd George which resulted in Ireland electing Sinn Feiners. I replied that the needs of the world were far greater than those of Ireland; that all public spirited Sinn Feiners ought to forget the letter and that no reasonable person would permit it to interfere with Hoover's election or the success of his presidency. How visionless Sinn Feiners are!

EDWARD MACCARSON.

Belfast, Ireland.

On What Charge?

SIR: On the afternoon of January 5, 1920, the premises of the Előre Hungarian daily, at 5 East Third Street, were invaded by agents of the Department of Justice. A warrant for the arrest of the managing editor —not any specific individual, but the person in charge— was produced. I then was conducted to the Old Slip police station and locked up there in a cell. My inquiries as to the charge preferred against me proved fruitless.

Next morning at 9, I was handcuffed to another "criminal" and via Hanover and Wall Streets and Broadway conducted on foot, to the Park Row building. An hour later I was handcuffed again and marched down Broadway to South Ferry. I then was transferred to Ellis Island. Since my arrest at 5 P. M. on the day previous I was now given food for the first time in twenty-three hours.

From 11 A. M., January 6th, to 5 P. M., January 15th, I was on Ellis Island without hearing. I was not allowed to consult my attorney. My telegrams to friends, asking for assistance, were not only censored, but also delayed for two days on the Island before transmission. My wife, when applying for a permit to visit me, was told by an official in charge that "they had made up their minds not to be soft-hearted in cases like this, but that they would be glad to get a new husband for the little lady if she wanted one."

On January 15th, at 5 P. M., exactly ten days after my arrest, I was released on bail still without a hearing. My efforts to find out the charges against me remained futile throughout.

However, as I had been arrested in the course of the campaign of the Lusk Committee against the Communist and Communist Labor parties, I naturally assume that I was prosecuted as a member of either of these bodies. Whether under the Constitution of the United States and the laws of the State of New York one may be prosecuted for belonging to a political party is not for me to decide. The point I wish to make is that I do not now and never did belong to either the Communist party or the Communist Labor party.

Not being an "alien Communist" or "alien anarchist" the only ground for my prosecution may have been my being an alien. As to this I wish to state that I have com-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pleted five years residence last September and being then in possession of my first papers for three years, I applied immediately for final citizenship papers. My application remains to this date unanswered. Thus, if I am not today a citizen of the United States it is no fault of mine.

In the above I have stated the bare facts of my case. Any self-respecting American with a sense of fair play and a trace of the American traditions of right and liberty in his system may form his own comments.

EUGENE H. NEUWALD.

New York City.

A Letter To a University President

MY dear Mr. President:—

It is three years since I visited your office to inform you of my purpose to confide my son and daughter to the Institution over which, during the time in which you are not occupied with public affairs, you preside. As I told you, I felt that an Institution whose policies you dictated would be almost as safe a place for them as my own home. Both were free, I thought, from all danger of invasion by new and dangerous ideas. Having attained through my own efforts to a state of affluence, I felt that my son was entitled to a few years of leisure and social enjoyment before he should enter upon the real discipline and serious education given by business life. As I wished my daughter to be a grace and ornament to the home, unaffected by contact with the sordid realities of life, I entrusted her to the care of your institution.

I was moved, I confess, by a knowledge of your statesmanlike opposition to the subversive tendencies of the present day. I especially appreciated your publicly asserted conviction that upon the Constitution, with its defense of property right, and upon the Bible, rest the safety and prosperity of our Beloved Nation. I knew how strongly you resisted all attempts to tamper, under the specious plea of progress, with eternal truths and the independence of the judiciary, that bulwark of freedom limited by law. Your speeches to representative business men proved to me that you appreciated the burdens and political responsibilities of men of wealth. If the Chambers of Commerce had power in accord with their rightful merits, you, I felt, would be almost spontaneously elevated from your present humble presidency to the Presidency of the Nation.

I was also moved by another consideration. My soap establishment is, as you know, one of the largest in the country. I have frequent occasion to employ graduates of your University as chemists and in other subordinate positions. I have found these men amenable to our regulations, capable, after settling down, of learning their duties. In fact, one of these chemists, who has been instrumental through some technical discoveries in laying the foundations of my fortunes, now receives a salary almost half in amount of that paid to any man in our Sales Department. These things gave me additional confidence that your College was a safe place for my own children.

But, Mr. President, I have been disappointed. I have been shocked. I admit that your instructors have the right to insist that my son take time from his regular activities to learn his lessons sufficiently to pass his examinations. I urged this upon his attention in fact. But not contented with performing their legitimate duties, several of them have openly encouraged the students to independent thought and taught them that it was necessary to become acquainted with the tendencies of the present day. I am, I hope, broad-minded enough to appreciate that the theory of evolution may properly be alluded to in courses in biology. But one of your teachers of sociology openly gives, so I discover, a course in social evolution in which he emits the notion that fundamental institutions like property and the law are still in process of development. I am glad to say that my son has not been seriously affected. His healthy interest in athletics and his sociable nature have largely protected him. But there may be many weaker minded students whose minds are accessible to new ideas. I had always understood that philosophy, especially as taught in your Institution, was a defense of those fixed and immutable truths upon which rests our civilization. But I find that a professor of this branch gives a course in "Modern Movements of Thought". You know as well as I do, Mr. President, that the only modern movements are such things as socialism, anarchism and communism. I enclose herewith a memorandum of the names of your employees who are poisoning the minds of the young, and expect that you will promptly deal with these men as they deserve. (Enc. 1.)

I was disturbed a few years ago upon reading from your pen an eloquent defense of academic freedom. But your acts have done much to dissipate the uneasiness then aroused in me. Later I was completely reassured. I read your vigorous letter dismissing a professor in which you informed him that he could not shelter himself behind that specious plea, because any one with the instincts of a gentleman would recognize the proprieties imposed by the traditions of the Institution of which he was a subordinate member. You pointed out that liberty was given on condition that it should not be abused. You will not claim, I am sure, that such teachings as I have referred to are in accord with *your* traditions.

The case of my daughter is even more serious. She has been intellectually interested, I regret to say, in a number of her studies. I enclose, in a separate memorandum, the details regarding the most dangerous courses, (Enc. 2) but I cannot refrain from especial mention of one flagrant case. She brought home, as reference reading, a translation of a book by a Greek writer, and called the Republic. Upon looking into this book I found in it a shameless propaganda for the worst tenets of Bolshevism. Abolition of private property and communism of wealth are openly advocated. You will hardly believe it, Mr. President, but coupled with this dastardly advocacy is a demand for the nationalizing of women.

I am properly indignant, Mr. President, and yet I write more in sorrow than in anger. I know that you will promptly take the drastic steps demanded by the seriousness of the situation. But I fear that the salary scale of your professors in connection with the high cost of living is having most undesirable consequences. What are we coming to, I ask you, if teachers who have been guardians of the established order, are being infected with sympathy for the unruly laboring classes. The next thing we know they may regard themselves as laboring people and make common cause with the forces of revolution, which I need not remind you, are already rife, I may say rampant. If I can assist you in preventing the spread of ideas that shake the very foundations of society, by engaging in a campaign for increasing the salaries of your employees who are engaged in teaching, let me know. I limit the matter to teaching employees because I have no doubt that the damnable spirit of unionism has already inflated the wages of your janitors and engineers.

Yours faithfully,

Two enc. N. STIFLER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Things

THE great man pulled up his chair, leaned a warm little hand upon my knee, looked deep into my eyes, and "What we need above all things is Tribal Loyalty. You may think that Tuberose and Scoot are much worse citizens than your intellectual associates, but even Tuberose and Scoot are redeemed by the fact that they possess Tribal Loyalty. Without Tribal Loyalty one belongs to that detestable species with an odious name, the Mugwump. In all nature there is nothing conceivably lower than the Mugwump."

What did I say? Did I say what I thought? Did I stick to my principles? Did I repudiate the great man on the spot, remove his hand from my knee, and proudly withdraw from the lunch-table? I wish I had. But great men affect me the way the East River tunnel does. I feel no visible pain, but a slight sensation of weight on the chest, a contraction of the throat, a ringing in the ears and scrambling thoughts of Journey's End. Under these circumstances it is hard to rise with dignity and say, "Sir, you are clearly unaware that I, whom you are addressing, have the honor to be a mugwump. I trust you to excuse me. Gentlemen, I bid you all good day." So I said nothing. I gulped a little, and gazed fixedly at the great man. And he went on as usual, playing both hands.

Yet I remain a mugwump. For a moment I did wish I could be like that young lieutenant in Browning's poem who says, "Yes, Sire," and falls dead. But only for a moment. I once tried tribal loyalty, did my level best to keep up with all the changes and gyrations of my tribal leader, and the time soon came when I had to abide by his intelligence or my own. I chose my own and gave up the whole blooming tribe.

For the tribal leader, naturally, this sort of thing is inconvenient. I understand his feelings. The leader of the mumbo-jumbos needs an enormous number of simple-minded mumbo-jumbos in his business. They must go when sent and come when called. How, without this unquestioning obedience, could we run trade unions or Leagues of Nations or Socialist Parties, not to speak of churches and pythian knighthoods and sodalities and prohibition leagues? Still, granting the leader's needs, what fun is there in being a Capricorn or a member of the American Insecurity League unless you have the pleasure of sanctioning your own movements now and then? It is all right to be a joiner, provided you have some choice about the thing you have joined. But if you are told you can't have any say-so whatever, if you are compelled to ride in a box-car without even a peep at the passing scenery, then I see no good in it. I counsel walking alone like the all-seeing cat. I counsel anarchy. I counsel perpetual conscientious objection.

The warm-blooded tribal leader is quite right to run down the intellectual. The worst thing in life is to be too loftily alone, to be a pariah and an outcast, to be a pelican in the subway. But next worst, surely, is not to be enough alone, to have people standing on your mental feet, to be hustled into conformity with all sorts of blunt and dull and crass and unnecessary things. Everything in man that craves "freedom" is exasperated and embittered by this kind of tribalism.

And now, after many truisms, I come to my single point. You can't really see what you are getting if you can't lift your gaze over your immediate tribal prejudices. For what do the tribal leaders work on? Not on self-interest exclusively. There isn't enough honest graft and dishonest graft in any country to reward one-tenth of the voters. Not on reason exclusively. There isn't enough serious argumentation or even silly argumentation in any country to persuade one-tenth of the voters. The thing comes down to the unconscious part of you, the submerged nine-tenths. It is to the men who speak for our inaudible selves, whatever they are, that we are sure to be attracted in politics. And the largest tribal following is the following whose prejudices are best accommodated. Tribalism *is* prejudice.

How can you prove that people obey their prejudices so blindly? Well, Mr. Robert Herrick in this New Republic gives an excellent example of it. In 1912 there was nothing too low for people whose minds were fixated on their personal profits to say about their enemy Roosevelt. What he believed about profits and property rights upset them, upset their unconscious selves horribly. And they retorted by declaring he was a scoundrel, a drunkard, a madman, a megalomaniac, etc. In 1916 these same people took him to their bosom and said he was the greatest thing on earth. Had he essentially changed? No. But times had changed. The enemies of Social Justice were no longer the malefactors of great wealth. They were the Huns. And so this former "traitor to his class" became a glorious Big Chief in the eyes of all the Hun-haters—people whose unconscious minds and not their cold calculation dictated their attitude toward the war.

A more classic example of this unreasoned change is the case of Edmund Burke. The men of Tribal Loyalty (the men, that is, whose ideas are inactive and whose prejudices are never by any chance opened out and aired) hated the French Revolution. They also hated Edmund Burke. But when Edmund Burke came out against the French Revolution they immediately saw their ogre Burke in the light of a leader and a prophet. John Morley tells how these men had scouted Burke's views on America, had hated his plan of economic reform, had mocked his ideas on religious toleration, had loathed and reviled him for indicting Warren Hastings. Yet he no sooner attacked the French Revolution than he won the king and the universities and the bigwigs and the "indolent good" and "the timorous, the weak-minded, the bigoted." "Burke gave them the key which enabled them to interpret the Revolution in harmony with their usual ideas and their temperament."

Not, be it observed, their selfish interests, but "their usual ideas and their temperament." Or, as the jargon of today puts it, their "unconscious" selves.

It is the ways of the unconscious self, and only the ways of the unconscious self, which illuminatingly explain the present support of men like Harding and Lowden and Nicholas Murray Butler and Leonard Wood.

The mugwump, I take it, does his best not to be "indolent good," not to be one of "the timorous, the weak-minded, the bigoted." He does his best even to irrigate and cultivate "his usual ideas and his temperament." Is he any the better for it, I wonder, in the long run? Does he escape contrary vices—insulation, and the wart of superciliousness? Perhaps not. Perhaps he is only a different kind, not a superior kind, of worm. But at least, when it comes to Russia, it is not necessary to de-bamboozle him in the present Tribal-Loyal fashion. The mugwump has not to have the suction pump put right down into his little propaganda to remove all the stirring lessons about the wickedness of trading with the Soviets. He can take that comfort with him as he climbs up his Cleopatra's Needle to bed. F. H.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Literary Notes

SHOULD William McKinley, Mark Hanna and Governor Altgeld be excluded from American poetry on the ground that these gentlemen are not sufficiently well known in London? This is a question raised by the recent comments on Vachel Lindsay's poem Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, after its appearance in the London Mercury. The London Times declares that "to read much of Mr. Lindsay's poetry in this vein would be to have a headache." The poem is described as "extraordinary work, grotesque, violent, horribly ugly, lit by flashes of amenity"; and the main defect is indicated as "the particular detail." "It needs a commentator more urgently than the Iliad or the Divine Comedy." The answer might be, Yes, but how educational for the London literary critic to study the politics of Springfield, Illinois. If Vachel Lindsay ever succeeds in doing for Springfield what he desires, there will yet be doctors' theses written on his Bryan poem, and monographs on his passing references to Kalamazoo. Everyone knows how Gilbert Murray has pondered the least word of Euripides. In 408 or so Euripides left Athens. Why? Did he lose his money? Did he desert his wife? Did he run foul of the Lusk Committee? These are the fascinating problems of Euripides' career. So, the loyal Lindsayite may choose to suppose. Lindsay may come to be studied. He is not yet exactly Euripidean in stature, but he is a young man and there is always hope.

This criticism of Lindsay mildly resents American provincialism and America naturally seems provincial to London since London is still the literary capital of the English-speaking world. It is in no sense creditable to English criticism that it should indulge the vice of narrowness but, even so, literary London does indisputably dominate. It does so because it really counts. The literary balance is in its favor. It has the men, it has the books, it has the money, too. Its literary life is more representative of the whole nation, and has a fuller and wider tradition, than ours. Quantitatively and qualitatively, there is no comparison between the good books annually published and sold by London and the good books annually published and sold by New York. New York is not in it—yet. And because London is still dominant, London is bound to set a literary standard that is rather special to England and to that extent unfavorable to the literary genius of the United States.

Literary chauvinism on the part of America is not the wise counter-policy. Chauvinism will not change the unalterable fact that Hardy, Kipling, Conrad, Wells, Shaw, Arnold Bennett, Galsworthy, May Sinclair, Masefield, Gilbert Chesterton, George Moore are a more portentous group than the group headed by Howells, Dreiser, Mrs. Wharton, Robert Herrick, Meredith Nicholson, Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters, Amy Lowell, Robert Frost, James Branch Cabell, Joseph Hergesheimer and H. L. Mencken. The only good thing about chauvinism is the fact that it indicates a certain healthy energy and turbulence of will. America is becoming more and more tired of being graded from London, on the cool assumption that London preferences are the last word.

The American public is being slowly led to recognize and cultivate American aesthetic preferences, far more deliberately than was the past generation of Americans. This means getting rid of a huge amount of American literary bric-à-brac and debris. It means putting our Brander Matthewses in the garret until the time comes for amiable resurrection. But besides getting rid of the horse hair critics and professors, which is being accomplished, we need a full responsiveness to the men we really like. Such responsiveness is the great virtue of H. L. Mencken as a critic. His generosity and enthusiasm have not only encouraged Miss Cather and Cabell and Hergesheimer, but they have encouraged the struggling and unknown or little-known authors who would not have persisted but for the success of Mr. Mencken's trio. Of course, Mr. Mencken wears a false beard while secretly nursing these geniuses. He has cultivated one of the gruffest literary voices ever heard. But he is playing a character part for self-protection. Otherwise his maternal instinct would ruin him. He would be running a literary foundling asylum, packed with budding geniuses from cellar to roof.

Very few men who have won literary success are catholic and kind about budding genius, but there is one man in England who seems to have endeared himself to practically every member of the rising generation. To name this author would be a shocking injustice. It would crowd his doorstep with all the shameless literary parasites of America —all the eccentrics and freaks and egoists who think that literary success is a matter of the royal touch. This particular author has been well awarded by his attention to the aspirations and performances of the younger group. They swear by him, and, like William James in this country, his aid and counsel have made the hard road not quite so hard for a number of admirable men. Unlike William James, however, this particular author preaches the sternest self-help and self-reliance for small authors. He frowns on the Bensons and their compeers, the sweet Anglicans.

It is only fair to the London Times to say that one particular New York book, Carl Van Vechten's In the Garret (Knopf), is generously appreciated just because it reveals New York. Mr. Van Vechten is held to be less critical and less witty than his fellow-commentator, Ernest Newman, and less exaggerated in expression than Huneker. But his "refreshing novelty," especially about the inexhaustible variety of New York, is pleasantly dwelt on. "When he surveys the American scene," this critic says, "we go all the way with him."

H. W. Nevinson is on his way to the United States. He is coming here to lecture on various phases of British political and social development since the war. Mr. Nevinson is one of the finest figures in contemporary British journalism—one of the few journalists of whom it may be said that he has given to his trade great gifts that were meant for literature and mankind.

A quiet book that deserves to be searched out is Logan Pearsall Smith's Treasury of English Prose, published by Houghton Mifflin. It is an attractive-looking volume, except for one of those covers that miss extremely conservative refinement and hit putty-faced dullness. The contents are charmingly arranged and delightfully savory and brief. They range from Chaucer to Woodrow Wilson and Bernard Shaw. Woodrow Wilson stands the test remarkably well. So does Shaw. But the real victor is the man who moves so surely among the books he likes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Henry Adams

The Degradation of Democratic Dogma, by Henry Adams. With an introduction by Brooks Adams. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THERE are some who imagine that a historian is merely a chronicler, an annotator, a commentator, compiler, an apologist for some party, person, king or country, or an idle teller of idle tales to while the time away. Such he may be. There are others who think of a historian as an antiquarian rummaging around like a gnome in heaps of manuscripts, tomb stones, old newspapers, and other rubbish trying to piece together a genealogical table for some newly rich who does not know what to do with his money or his ancestors. Such the historian may be. Commentators and rummagers are alike useful, for as Fustel once remarked "No documents, no history." But there is still another view of the functions of the historian. He may be like the poets, the men of science, and the theologians, a searcher for the key to things, for a law that will reduce history to order or explain the course of human events, just as the laws of natural science reveal the government of the material world. As Henry Adams said: "No teacher with a spark of imagination or with an idea of scientific method can have helped dreaming of the immortality that would be achieved by the man who should successfully apply Darwin's method to the facts of human history."

> Also fragen wir beständig,
> Bis man uns mit einer Handvoll
> Erde endlich stopft die Mäuler,
> Aber ist das eine Antwort?

All the circumstances of Henry Adams's life favored the making of the scientific historian, the seeker after the key to things. The position of the family into which he was born was not to be questioned; no Brahmin of the sacred cod, or whirring spindle, or rolling barque could accuse him of being unable to understand or appreciate his betters; no indiscretion of thought could "injure the family" on its way up from the soil. In addition to social position his people had intellectual parts—a combination all too rare in this country. The serried volumes of the Adams writings, not forgetting the Defence of the American Constitutions and Abigail's diverting letters, were a part of the great tradition. John Adams had laid aside most of the significant New England illusions while the republic was yet young. Finally, to family and brains there was added that other great necessity for the historian: a goodly store of accumulated wealth bottomed on sound securities. At no time did he have to take account of the effect of his thinking and writing upon the family larder. The silent, leering, brutal, sneering, brazen imp of want did not perch upon his lintel. For him there was no board of university trustees to pass upon his restless, disturbing quest for the key—a quest so ruthless with preconceptions of a chauvinistic and theological sort. Then Henry Adams traveled early and widely before rheumatism and hardening of the arteries had closed his mind to strange ideas and institutions. He was without political ambitions, or at least early discarded them, and therefore did not fear the savage editors who must earn their daily bread by tossing strong meat to the foaming jowls of party bigots. The frets, worries, and crotchets of the poor but honest academic life never disturbed the even flow of his steady thinking about the key to things. So he went on serenely until death closed his wondering eyes. Even as he reached the end of the valley of lengthening shadows, he did not forget to pay his last debt by leaving us at least one book that made Columbus's voyage worth while—the story of his education.

Now his brother, Mr. Brooks Adams, brings together three fragments from his pen—two of them already known and printed: two letters to the American Historical Association—and a new document: "The rule of phase applied to history." The editor himself contributes an introduction that fills more than one third of the book—a mosaic preface, bizarre, wayward, and startling—mostly on John Quincy Adams as a man of science and a statesman of long sight, who "alone among the public men of that period appreciated that a nation to flourish under conditions of modern economic competition must organize its administrative, as well as its social system, upon scientific principles." Students of history will not forget also that in the day of hucksters and trimmers, the same prescient statesman declared (a generation before the event) that when the war came between slavery and freedom constitutional warrant for emancipation would be found in the war powers. But he was "a foolish old man" in the eyes of the wise. A descendant of the man who made that presagious remark now tells us that "to-day Great Britain and America, like the parts of some gigantic saurian which has been severed in a prehistoric contest, seem half unconsciously to be trying to unite in an economic organism, perhaps to be controlled by a syndicate of bankers who will direct the movements of the putative governments of this enormous aggregation of vested interests independent of the popular will." (p. 114) To Mr. Brooks Adams the current dilemma is this: organized economic power is in the saddle and democracy having insisted on degrading the public service to the common level of incapacity throws the management of public affairs into private hands. So, social war "would seem to be the natural ending of democratic philosophy." So much for a troublesome introduction. Now for Henry Adams himself.

The first and most important of the papers is a letter written to the American Historical Association in 1894, which unfolds a series of startling propositions. The time has come for the historian to cease thinking of his profession as a harmless, amusing branch of inquiry, and turn to trying every hypothesis likely to create a science of social evolution. Such a science, he thinks, may do one of four things: (1) it may continue the grand old pessimism of Berlin, London, Paris, and St. Petersburg, the endless whirl of avarice naked and unashamed; (2) it may point to a socialistic triumph as a fatal inevitability and thus throw historians (as mere men of science forecasting the future) into what would appear to be an attitude of hostility toward existing institutions; (3) it may announce that capitalism, armaments, materialism, and declining arts are to endure forever, producing despair and closing the ears of all except socialists and artists; or (4) history may prove that science is all a great delusion and that reversion to the church and the sweet lethe of obscurantism is our only refuge, thus committing suicide. One thing is certain, continues the author, the vested interests of the day—the professional historians, the state, the church, property, and organized labor—will give no peace to a science of history that threatens their dominions and their intellectual and other "goods." Nevertheless, he goes on, historians cannot escape the inexorable necessity of answering as best they can. He sees some of them in his mind's eye "at any time within the next fifty years" (1894—1944) forced like Galileo, to recant and repudiate the science of history

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"under the pressure of the most powerful organizations the world has ever known for the suppression of influences hostile to its safety." Already on reading the letter one can see the faggots piled high in University Square and the solemn procession of deans, provosts, secretaries, directors, professors, associate professors, assistant professors, instructors, assistants, and custodians wheeling into place. Some luckless wight failing to give the pleasing answer to the committee on correct and acceptable information "touching an inquiry into the divine origin of the corrupt practices act" will forthwith be destroyed amid the rejoicing of the multitude permitted a half holiday for the occasion. Stranger things have happened, are now happening. We are nearer to Bruno than Bruno was to Aristotle.

The most startling thing about Henry Adams's letter is its date—1894. Ponder upon the state of historical and other academic learning when he shot his barbed shaft into the center of the target. Under the influence of the Johns Hopkins school of Teutonism (one might almost say Totemism) scores of able and zealous American scholars were searching frantically in Virginia for "tuns," in Delaware for "wapentakes," in Vermont for "thythingmen," in New Amsterdam for "frithgegildas," and in Maryland for "moots." We can laught now, but in 1894 the Freeman, Green, Kemble, Stubbs, von Maurer, Palgrave school held the centre of the stage and Henry Adams's letter never made a ripple. Doctors' theses were sawed, hacked, glued, chipped, and filed as of old. That heroic age gave us some brave scholars who could sit silent during any academic inquisition at which instructors are warned by sapient trustees that the American revolution was not a revolt against authority, but an uprising in the name of English law and order against a German usurper on the British throne.

Indeed, Henry Adams himself says: "Beyond a doubt, silence is best. I will not deny that the shadow of this coming event has cast itself upon me . . . .; or that in the last ten years it has often kept me silent where I should once have spoken with confidence." Nevertheless he believes the crisis will come and that universities must be prepared to meet it. He is right. Universities will meet it. If anyone wishes to know how, then let him stand and ponder by that monument of living marble in University College on the immortal "High."

CHARLES A. BEARD.

Is There a Personal God?

God and Personality, by Clement C. J. Webb. New York: The Macmillan Co.

ALL students of the philosophy of religion know that Mr. C. C. J. Webb, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, has, within the last few years, won for himself a position in the front rank among philosophical critics and defenders of religion. When, in 1911, his Problems in the Relations of God and Man appeared, it became clear at once that a mind of unusual subtlety and learning was applying itself to a fresh discussion of the old problems of reason and revelation, nature and grace, God and man. His studies in the History of Natural Theology (1915) reveal a scholarship equally at home in Plato and Anselm, in Aquinas and Lord Herbert of Cherbury. His Group Theories of Religion (1916) contains the most searching criticism of the sociological theories of religion of Durkheim and his school. When a man of such qualifications applies himself, as Mr. Webb does in his God and Personality, to the task of helping us "to form a reasonable judgment of the value to be attached to the religious language and imagery with which we are familiar," he is entitled to an earnest and respectful hearing.

Mr. Webb's argument amounts to a philosophical defense of the Christian conception of and belief in God. This does not mean that he invites us to stake the salvation of our souls on the acceptance of the virgin birth, or the ascension into heaven, or the descent into hell. These things are no part of his argument. Miracles are left unmentioned and are presumably discarded. Mr. Webb's emphasis falls wholly on the value of "religious experience" as affording the profoundest clues to the nature of the world we live in. He holds that religious experience testifies to the reality of God and of the worshipper's personal intercourse with God. More than this, he holds that the doctrine of the Trinity, with its distinction of three persons within the Godhead, renders in language admittedly metaphorical, a differentiation within the all-enfolding Divine Life which is required for an adequate interpretation of religious experience in its highest, i. e., Christian form.

This bald statement, however true, gives no just impression of the unique interest and value of Mr. Webb's book. From Aristotle to Bergson, from the Fathers of the Church to Benedetto Croce, from Dante to H. G. Wells, he moves with equal mastery, and when he measures swords with Bradley or Bosanquet, the honors are not all on their side. Mr. Webb starts out from the fact that the modern emphasis on the personality of God is of quite recent origin, not unconnected, indeed, with the rise of Unitarianism. The traditional teaching of the Christian Churches does not conceive God as "a person". It recognizes three persons *in* God, but not *the* person *of* God. Indeed, the concept of "person" was historically developed, not in reference to human individuals, but in the effort to distinguish, within the one God, the Father, the Son, and the Logos or Holy Ghost. This leads to a most interesting account of how the original meaning of the term *persona* was transformed in being caught up into the ferment of those philosophico-theological speculations which ultimately crystallized into the creeds of the Christian Churches. The chapters devoted to this story, with their accurate scholarship, are full of instruction and delight for any one who cares for the history of ideas. They culminate in Boëthius's famous definition: Persona est naturae rationabilis individua substantia, which supplies the text for a discussion of personality in its relation to individuality and rationality. There follows a chapter rejecting the concept of a Finite God by which modern theologians and philosophers (William James, for example) have been trying to escape from the difficulties of divine immanence and transcendence and of the problem of evil. This latter problem is dealt with in a chapter on Sin, in which Mr. Webb argues that the conviction of a personal relation of the worshipper to a personal God, providing, as it does, the medium for judgment, atonement, forgiveness of sins, supplies "a more intelligible setting" for the sense of sin, and of salvation from sin, than any other theory. The chapter on Creation is remarkable for a spirited defense of religious mythology as "taking the place of history, where a historical question is asked, but the materials for a historical answer are lacking." The argument culminates, in the chapter on Religion and Philosophy, in the position that the philosophical theory of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

supremacy of Reason and Goodness in the Universe is best satisfied by thinking of this Reason as the *living* Reason, and of this Goodness as the *active* Goodness, of a Personal God; and that this is "the peculiar contribution of the religious experience to the metaphysical problem".

Here we have the critical point on which hinges the whole of Mr. Webb's position. Has religion any contribution to make to philosophy? Many present day philosophers deny that it has. There are those who see in religion nothing but a survival of primitive superstition. To others it is an illusion, but a wholesome illusion (especially for the young), having a certain biological value in that it imparts a spirit of hopefulness and endurance to men's living. There are those whose outlook is frankly naturalistic, even though it be tinged with moral zeal and humanitarian enthusiasm, and who rejoice in their emancipation from "supernaturalism" and "romanticism." There is Bertrand Russell with his theory that religion is all a matter of feelings and wishes, and that it must be kept out of philosophy, if philosophy is to become scientific. Here, then, is the first parting of the ways. But even if we take Mr. Webb's way, our troubles are far from ended. Even if we say, in the words of William James, that "religious experience needs to be carefully considered and interpreted by every one who aspires to reason out a more complete philosophy," there still remains the question, What precisely does reason make out of religious experience?

This question brings us to a second parting of the ways. It is true that we are now committed to saying that, in order to reason about religion, one must *be* religious, and that if one is, one has every right to learn from one's religious experience just what sort of a world this world of ours is. But the trouble is that different thinkers elicit such widely different lessons from religion. There is James, who learns from the psychology of conversion and from the visions of mystics that there is a wider, but still finite, Self, with which each of us is, subliminally continuous. There is Royce as a young man talking of God as the "Eternal Witness"; in middle age conceiving Him as the "Absolute Experience"; in old age identifying Him with the life of the "Blessed Community," through loyalty to which the individual is saved. There is Bradley declaring that "God is riddled with contradictions", or, in other words, that religious beliefs, however useful for religious practice, do not satisfy our intellectual demands. There is Bosanquet denying personality to the Absolute, where Lotze affirms it. There is Höffding summarizing all religion, impersonally, as faith in the conservation of values. There is Hocking to whom all experience is full of the presence of Other Mind. Yet the otherness of that Mind cannot be the last word either, for else, what becomes of God as the Indwelling Spirit, as that "in which we live, and move, and have our being"? There is H. G. Wells with his distinction between God as the Master of the Scheme and God as the Presence in the Heart. And there are other readings without number. But behind all the refinements of dogma and theory there lie persistent motives of feeling and thought, demanding to be somehow wrought into an inclusive and coherent pattern. There is the sense of union with and participation in, the life of the All. There is the desire for an explanation of the world which shall guarantee its orderliness and goodness. There is the desire for companionship, for mutual knowledge and love, compatible with the integrity and privacy of the individual personality of each of us. Mr. Webb's thesis is, in effect, just this, that Christian theology provides for all these motives better than any other. For it claims, in his words, "for the life of mutual knowledge and love which, in the intercourse of religion, the worshipper, so far as he realizes his sonship, enjoys with the Supreme, and in enjoying it recognizes to be no other than the very life itself of the Supreme, a complete concrete reality, in no respect less than that of those who share in it and have their being in it." In short, the value of conceiving God as "personal" consists in this, that the worshipper thereby ascribes to the Divine life in which he lives and moves, that same unique and vivid reality which he experiences in his consciousness of his own self.

An argument such as this will make inevitably a very different appeal to different readers. It reminds one irresistibly of one of Hobbes's wittiest epigrams: "It is with the mysteries of our religion as with wholesome pills for the sick, which swallowed whole have the virtue to cure, but chewed are for the most part cast up again without effect." The thoroughness of Mr. Webb's mastication is beyond doubt. What effect it will have on his readers will depend, in the last resort, on whether they are, in his own language, "strangers to genuine religious experience" or not. If they are not, they will follow him more or less along the whole way. If they are, his words will be as words spoken into the wind. At this point, it seems, all argument becomes barren. If man's "metaphysic wit" cannot achieve the highest flights without the wings of religion, then those who lack these wings must be content to crawl on the earth, but their doing so is no good reason why those who have the wings should not fly.

R. F. A. H.

In Burgundy

Colas Breugnon, Burgundian, by Romain Rolland. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

COLAS Breugnon does not even remotely approach the subject of the War. Yet it is a most effective attack upon the War psychosis. The War first to last, was a negation of humanism. Into the autobiography of the sixteenth century Burgundian, Colas Breugnon, Rolland has contrived to weave a triumphant affirmation of humanism, a declaration of faith in kindliness and tolerance and common sense as against malignant pharisaism and glorified madness. In his novel, Ninety Three, Victor Hugo, in a passage of remarkably sonorous prose, calls the roll of the French provinces and ascribes to each some peculiar virtue or quality. Colas Breugnon is a native of Burgundy, a land of fertile fields and rich wines; and his environment is reflected in his outlook on life, which is at once shrewd and optimistic, full of discernment and full of good fellowship. He drinks of life, as he drinks of wine, slowly and in epicurean fashion, extracting the last drop of pleasure from a spring day, or from a gay pageant, or from a lively street scene. Colas Breugnon lived at a time when men cut each others' throats for the sake of a mass or a hymn. But religious bigotry never enters into his soul. His philosophy is expressed in his admonition to his sons, who are quarreling about matters of faith:

"Since each of you is perfectly sure to go to heaven, with a place reserved for you, and all the people who differ from you barred out, let us be happy meanwhile, and leave the good Lord to arrange His household as seems good to Him."

M. Rolland furnishes an excellent background to Colas's episodic autobiography. The dispute with the seigneur,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which is settled with true French humor, the siege, in which there is more comedy than fighting, the panic inspired by the plague, all these incidents give a true and spirited picture of medieval French life. But Colas Breugnon is far more than a good historical novel. Like Cyrano De Bergerac it is an epic of the French soul. For Colas, his courage tempered by good sense, his wit tempered by warm human sympathy, is an embodiment of the qualities which will always make France great and beloved among nations despite her Louis XIVs, Napoleons and Clemenceaux.

W. H. C.

The Foreign Service

Report on The Foreign Service. New York: National Civil Service Reform League.

THE National Civil Service Reform League has already a very honorable history; but there has never been a time when its energies were so greatly needed as our own. At its origin, the United States was in the negative age of political development. Connection with Europe was at its nadir; there was a surplus in the treasury; and the federal government was little more than a gigantic policeman to whom the main problems were the "free silver" movement and the Molly Maguires. Today the world it governs is a qualitatively different world. The problems it must undertake to handle depend for their solution mainly upon the ability of the men who form the permanent basis of the civil service. Administration rather than legislation is, that is to say, the keynote of the modern state. It is upon the information collected, the capacity properly to use that information, the instinct to sense the paths of a complex situation, that social peace largely depends. And in a special degree this is true of the foreign service. The diplomat abroad has been transformed in the last generation; or, rather, the needs he is to serve have been transformed. A knowledge of commerce, an understanding of labor, a power to go outside the set diplomatic circles to the half-seen currents of opinion in the making, by these qualities above all, the modern diplomat must be distinguished. He is no longer a diner-out and a retailer of intimate gossip. He is an informant upon the balance of social forces which, if they are acutely disturbed, may well sweep his own country into the vortex of war. He holds in his hands a destiny far greater than in the past for the simple reason that the world has been reduced to the unity of interdependence. A chance shot at Sarajevo may send the miners of Colorado to the fields of Champagne.

No portion of the American government has been slower to respond to the needs of this situation than the foreign service. It is still, both on the diplomatic and the consular side, the happy hunting-ground of party spoilsmen. Ambassadors are expected to resign when a new President comes into office. No technical equipment is deemed necessary for appointment even to the highest posts. The salaries paid are so low that only a rich man can afford to enter the service; and the spoils-system demands that promotion within the service cease at the very point where experience and equipment can be turned to good use. Entrance into the service is secured by methods entirely unrelated to a real test of capacity. No proper integration of the commercial functions performed by the State Department, on the one hand, and the Department of Commerce on the other, has been attempted. Appointments are made upon the basis of a state-quota on the seemingly absurd idea that, man for man, there are as many heavenborn diplomats in Texas as in Massachusetts. At every point in the service exactly those rules are lacking which a realization of the needs of the service would deem essential. If any interested observer is anxious to understand why the foreign intelligence of the United States is so very inferior to that of the first-class European powers the rules and regulations of the Diplomatic Service supply a more than sufficient explanation.

It was to remedy this condition at a moment obviously favorable for the enquiry that the Civil Service Reform League undertook the present investigation. It has performed a very valuable task. Apart even from its concrete suggestions the picture unfolded of the foreign service is of the deepest interest. We see Ambassadors virtually dismissed because they cannot afford to live at the new post to which they have been appointed. We learn that the previous diplomatic experience of the Ambassadors at the principal European capitals in August, 1914, was precisely nil compared with an average experience of twenty-eight years among English and twenty-three years among French diplomats. A new presidential appointee wastes fifteen months in getting to his post. A social barrier almost absolute exists between the diplomatic and consular services; though it is a well known fact that consular information is of a far higher value than that which emanates from the embassies. The regulations for the consular service are now more than twenty years old; and as they are out of print it is difficult for many of the new consulates to obtain the very orders by which they are to live. The salaries in the Department of State compare unfavorably with those of a first-rate American college; how, for example, a good solicitor can be obtained at a salary of five thousand dollars only a congressman can imagine. The third Assistant Secretary of State passes upon all new appointments to the service, though he is himself a political appointee and without previous experience of the problems of a classified service. Nor should the fact be omitted that a man can enter the service up to the age of thirty-five; until, that is to say, he has found time to fail in most of the normal occupations of life.

It is facts of which these are but a random sample that has led the Committee of the Association to make certain drastic proposals for reform. Above all they demand the application of the merit system to every nook and cranny of the foreign service. Where an exception is made, the appointee from outside must be a man of the calibre of Lord Bryce whose special qualifications for his post were beyond discussion. Salaries are to be increased so that the average diplomat may have no difficulty either in entering the service, or in maintaining himself while he is there. The state quota is to be abolished; capacity and not residence is to be the sole condition of entry. The State Department is to be reorganized and the relation between the consular and diplomatic services revised. Above all, these, and the minor recommendations, are to be embodied in an Act of Congress, lest political pressure induce a President in need to bethink him of the sinister joys of an executive order.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All this is to the good; but it is hardly searching enough relative to the needs exposed in the body of the report. It is clear, for example, that the standards, linguistic and otherwise, for admission to the service are absurdly low; far more rigid tests are required before the men obtained will measure up to the needs of the service. Nor is there adequate discussion of embassy organization. The Committee knows that the world over the great fault in the diplomatic corps is its confinement abroad to a narrow social circle. It knows its Russian grand dukes, the momentarily fashionable ballet-dancer, the great figures in commerce; but it is ignorant of the labor leader, of socialist propaganda, of scientific performance. What is needed in each embassy —a slight effort towards this end was made during the war is a labor attaché and a scientific attaché whose duties are generally specified by their title. Nor is this all. Nothing is more necessary than to have the official at home something more than a mere clerk at a desk. The sooner we develop the principle of a "sabbatical" year for the civil service, the better will be the quality of its work. Nor ought we, as the Report suggests, to have an examination conducted by the Civil Service Commission at different points in the country. The conditions of the foreign service are too specialized to be entrusted to a group of men to whom that examination would be only one among thousands.

When one is dealing with a prospective diplomat the qualities to be weighed, the questions to be asked, are utterly different from when one is choosing an assistant inspector of weights and measures; and experience suggests that while the present Civil Service Commission can decently perform the latter function; it is not apt to the former. What, one imagines, is needed is a special board mainly composed of representatives of the Department, but with special assistance from outside. If Mr. Graham Wallas were an American, he would be an ideal member of such a Board; as it is, the National Civil Service Reform League could hardly perform a more immediately useful function than by discovering a native substitute.

This Report is, one hopes, only the beginning of a wider effort on the part of the League. The relation of the civil service to the state is one of the most urgent of the problems that confront us. It is not merely a question of wages and permanence of tenure; the problem has already shifted to the wider issues of control. The British civil service is powerful because to a good many (not enough) of its members it provides a career where an able man may profoundly influence the course of legislation. In America that is not the case. Even when the salary is adequate and the tenure guaranteed, one wonders whether the service will be sufficiently attractive until there is some further guarantee that the program of the administration will not be cut into pieces by Congress. When the President was given a blanket war-power the ablest of Americans found themselves fascinated by the process of administration. They had real decisions to make, and they found themselves morally sublimated in making them. But people like Mr. Hoover cannot be bought in a system which confounds powers by separating them. The Civil Service Reform League can build up, under the present regime, a much abler and a much purer system. But it will not secure from the civil service the full measure of its ability until it inquires into the fundamental notions of American government.

H. J. L.

Barbara

Barbara of Baltimore, by Katharine Haviland Taylor. New York: George H. Doran Company.

WHEN an author sets out to write fiction for the American public, must he not take into account the fact that the majority of our fiction readers are under twenty-one?

And since that is the case, is there not abundant reason for arranging the plot and drawing the characters in conformity with the laws of adolescent interest. Consciously or unconsciously, Homer did that very thing, and he lives forever. Stevenson and Mark Twain achieved their masterpieces when they deliberately set out to be story-tellers to the young. And if the manner has fallen into bad repute it is because so many writers for boys and girls have kept their eyes, not on the boys and girls, but on the parents looking over their shoulders and deliberating obtusely on the matter of moral influence. Readers under twenty-one do instinctively expect and desire a modicum of moralizing in their literature, as they desire a generous infusion of mystery and adventure. They do want the good and honest and brave painted in primary colors and the false and cowardly drawn in fast black outline. The good must triumph and the evil reap failure and humiliation. And this fact has given license for the production of a vast tonnage of sticky moralities that would choke the producers if the purchasing power did not reside in hands other than those of the readers.

Barbara of Baltimore has no kinship with this commercialized product. It is frankly written for young readers, and is adapted to their interest. There is a mystery so well wrapped up, yet apparently so near the surface, that you guess and guess, and remain in the wrong at the author's pleasure.

There are secret passageways, spying, thieving, mutual suspicions, a mistaken arrest; a shell-shocked war hero, a professor suffering from aphasia, all embroidered upon a smooth tissue of pleasant American family life. The characters are predominantly all gold, but evil is represented in a charming young girl whose selfishness and vanity and trickiness are put in with heavy ochre. We hasten to add, she is punished in the end and redeemed. Courage and honesty and self-sacrifice speak loudly for themselves in this book, and patriotism squeezes in among them, although the transaction did not inevitably cry for it.

Out of such elements, as any one familiar with recent literature of the kind knows, almost any kind of book could have been concocted and sold in huge editions. But Miss Taylor's book is an honest one. If you look for the secret of her success you will find it in a veracity that asserts itself even in improbable circumstances, in a sense of humor that throws a wholesome sunshine over what might have been sentimentalism or bald moralizing.

After all, the final test of a book of this kind is not what it seems like to middle-aged critics, with interests involved in the more complicated problems of adult life, but what it seems like to young readers who thrill to genuine books like Treasure Island and Huckleberry Finn and see through the humbug of the uplift books foisted upon them by the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Houghton Mifflin Company Announces

RECREATION

By VISCOUNT GREY

The most famous of British diplomatists discusses with color, clearness and charm the place of recreation in a well-ordered life. $1.25 net.

THE DARDANELLES

By MAJ. GEN. SIR C. E. CALLWELL

"The first adequate description of the Dardanelles campaign. It cannot fail to be of the utmost value."—*Boston Transcript.* Maps. $5.00 net.

THE ISLAND OF THE SHEEP

? By Cadmus & Harmonia ?

This book by a world famous Englishman and his wife gives an illuminating and delightful picture of England's reaction to the Peace, the League of Nations, America, labor and economic questions, etc., through the medium of a house-party at which politicians, soldiers and labor leaders—British, French and American—brilliantly discuss the problems of to-day. $1.50 net.

COSMIC RELATIONS AND IMMORTALITY

By HENRY HOLT

"The most comprehensive publication since "Human Personality" . . . It is designedly untechnical and popular."—Journal Am. Soc. Psysichal Research. 2 vols. $10.00 net.

A SPORTSMAN'S WANDERINGS

By J. G. MILLAIS

"The most entertaining book of its kind that has appeared in many months. The author tells in delightful fashion his travels and adventures in all parts of the world."—Boston Herald. Illus. $5.00 net.

A TREASURE OF ENGLISH PROSE

By LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

These brief passages chosen by Mr. Smith, the author of "Trivia," reach the very pinnacle of English prose in their beauty of form and memorable substance. $1.75 net.

RHYMES OF A HOMESTEADER

By ELLIOTT C. LINCOLN

From this unusual volume of Western poems one gets with remarkable vividness the vigor, zest and humor of the untrammeled West. Illus. $1.50 net.

CECHS IN AMERICA

By THOMAS CAPEK

A complete, illuminating and authoritative study of the national, cultural, political, social, economic and religious life of the Bohemian immigrants. Illustrated. $3.00 net.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By JOHN DRINKWATER

"A play of great ability, of a daring straight-forwardness, and of a rare sincerity."—*The Review.* Eleventh printing. Forty-third thousand. $1.25 net.

THE LIFE OF JOHN MARSHALL

By Former Senator Albert J. Beveridge

"These volumes have drama and thrill, quick narrative and living portraiture, charm and compelling interest which will class this work with the finest in American biographical and historical literature. . . . . It is not only the first adequate life story of a man second only to Washington in his influence on the founding of this Republic, but it is a picture of the forming of the nation which is unsurpassed in our literature."—Phila. Press. Illus. The set of four volumes boxed $20.00 net.

BASIL EVERMAN

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

"The whole tale is told with a freshness and vigor of treatment that makes it one of the outstanding novels of the year."—Boston Herald. $1.90 net.

PIRATES of the SPRING

By FORREST REID

"A novel of singular though quiet beauty that will be heard about in the days to come."—The Nation. By the author of "The Spring Song." $1.90 net.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

parent-publisher conspiracy. Barbara would stand this test well. The book would without doubt be voted a place among the real books,and its author elected to the honored roll of those who understand and respect the audience to which she speaks.

A. P.

The Little Daughter of Jerusalem, by Myriam Harry, with a preface by Jules Lemaître. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

INTO the unilingual Babel that was literary Paris in the nineties came Myriam Harry, with a conflict of races in her spirit almost as great as that which she encountered in the society about her. Child of a Russian Jew, converted to the English church, and a German Lutheran deaconess, she was reared in polyglot Jerusalem, between Gethsemane and Golgotha; having for nurse a Bethlehemite woman, and a Soudanese slave for companion. She received her later education in Berlin, where she contributed stories to the Tageblatt and received instruction in almost every European language except French.

At the age of seventeen, circumstances brought her to Paris. From that time on her history consists of her growth in the génie Latine, that unmistakable, inexplicable spirit that has conquered minds as different as Frederick the Great and George Moore.

By the time she wrote The Little Daughter of Jerusalem, her eighth novel, France had absorbed her intellect completely. She has taken her youth in the Holy City as subject, though her own character is dimmed somewhat by the complexity of her father and by the sable and motley of the background. Even with this theme, little of the turgid orientalism of her youth remains on the surface. A meticulous translator has preserved her style, which derives from Flaubert and Chateaubriand. If her mind has been completely Latinized, however, her emotions remain eastern. Resurgent they threaten continually to break the smooth pattern of her sentences.

In one of the earlier chapters of the novel she tells of a feast which her father gave in honor of Amr-ben-Diab, a Bedouin sheik. The seven year old girl was affianced to him as a jest. She took the situation very much in earnest, adorned herself with an Arab frock of many colors, and dyed her fingertips with henna. All through the banquet she sat on the knee of her betrothed, till at last the strange conversation and the fumes of tobacco and wine made her drowsy; she fell asleep propped up between her father and the Sheik. When she awoke, Amr-ben-Diab had gone without her and she was desolate. She rushed to the flat roof of the house, where through her father's telescope she could still see the cavalcade winding through the rocky passes. As they disappeared it seemed to her that the enchantment of her childhood was fading with them. Yet though they left her mind and body behind, it seems, as one reads, that the old Sheik must have carried off her spirit, to dwell with him continually in the dry plains beyond Jordan.

M. C.

A Musical Motley, by Ernest Newman. New York: John Lane.

A severer test than the publication of a number of newspaper articles in book form can only be imagined when the subject of such articles is disclosed to be—music. At once the book calls up a vision of dreary pages, punctuated with "Ops." and keys and titles in italics and references to passages by means of which the critic proves how very much more erudite he is than the general public. That Mr. Ernest Newman's collection of articles is not only illuminating—summarizing and envisaging musical possibilities—but also exceedingly humorous, stamps him as possessing at once a background of knowledge and experience against which to set his specialized wisdom regarding music and musicians. Some of titles of his articles —The Villain in Music, The Small Poem in Music, Nonsense Music—give the clue to tendencies in modern music and to the undiscovered lands still remaining in the realm of music to a much greater extent probably than in other forms of art. Futurist Music shows to what absurdities a theory may be reduced when unaccompanied by inspiration.

"Signor Russolo," says Mr. Newman dryly of the Futurist exponent, "is a painter and therefore peculiarly qualified to speak on the subject of music." The art of noise is the Signor's subject and, thrusting from him the restricted harmonies of the old masters, he points out the possibilities that lie in the noises of tramways, caterwauling, gurgling of gas and water-pipes—and why not radiators—steam saws and the like. Criticism, suggests Mr. Newman, should follow the lines of futurist music and might read something on these lines—"Concert, Signor Pratella, futurist music, help help help police miau miau discord noise holy Moses cut it out boom bang crash he-he-he help help want my money back . . . . . thank God that's over wow wow let's go and have a drink." The villain, Mr. Newman considers, has not met his due in music. It may be impossible to give it to him. You know, for instance, from the music before you have seen him, that Hunding is an ugly hulking fellow with a big fist and a black beard. Tristan certainly never smiled from birth. Eva, Gutrune and Gretel are nice girls, but Gutrune would never have attended a suffrage meeting while Brynhilde would have been there and in the chair at that. The trouble with most performances of Madame Butterfly is our feeling that the prima donna weighs so much more than Butterfly ought to weigh.

Can it be true, says Mr. Newman, that Ruskin was right when he said that a maiden can sing her lost love, but that the miser cannot sing his lost money-bags, that because music is an affair of the heart it becomes impotent when set to suggest absence of heart? A man sings because he has an impulse to show himself as he is. But it is the essence of villainy not to show oneself as one is. These are suggestive thoughts—indeed the chief attraction of Mr. Newman's book, besides its dry humor, is its lack of dogmatism and its corresponding illumination of speculative points.

M. H.

Contributors

ROBERT HERRICK is professor of English at the University of Chicago and the author of many books, among them The Memoirs of an American citizen, A Life for a Life, His Great Adventure, The Healer, etc.

PAXTON HIBBEN late Captain in the Field Artillery has just returned from Armenia where he was attached to the Haskell Mission for several months.

SANFORD GRIFFITH is a graduate of the University of Chicago and of the Ecole des Sciences Politiques at Paris. He was a member of the Armistice Commission and American Representative on the Inter-Allied Commission of Industrial Restitution.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED